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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXXVII. No. 2

THE MAKERS OF WOODSTOCK

To tell the story of the "Makers of Woodstock" is and must be a "Labor of Love" to one, who, to both owes so much of substantial interest and happiness as does the present writer.

On the roll of "the makers" one name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, leading all the rest is that of Rev. Angelo M. Paresce, "Woodstock's Founder", who, as his modest tombstone in the College Cemetery testifies, *magno nisu* built the College.

Father Paresce was by birth a Neapolitan, with an English strain in his make-up. His father or grandfather was an Englishman of the not unusual name of Parish, who settled in Naples, there married and founded a family of the Italianized name Paresce. The future founder of Woodstock entered the Society in his native city, a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, and, with other Jesuit exiles, came to this country, was stationed at Georgetown, where he completed his studies of the Society, and in 1851 was ordained to the priesthood. In what esteem he was held, is evidenced by the fact, that although a foreigner, and quite young, he was chosen elector for the Province of Maryland, as socius to Father James Ryder to the Congregation that elected Father Peter Beckx, General of the Society in 1853. In this Congregation, the first, we believe, in which Maryland had its own representatives, occured an incident worth recording. In the course of the discussions, some of the electors from European provinces smarting, probably, under the blows inflicted by Revolu-

tionists in the name of Republicanism, were disposed to question the loyalty of this new Province, with its home in the Great Republic of the West, and did not withhold some aspersions on its spirit, which, they feared did not measure up to the standard of Ignatian obedience. Father Paresce rose promptly to the vindication of the fair name of his adopted Province, and in his fluent Latinity proved eloquently that in no Province of the Society, were its members, by political environment and national character so ready to appreciate and embrace the whole teaching of St. Ignatius, as natives of a country, in which authority as a principle, not an attribute of person claiming hereditary right, was held in reverence and obeyed. So splendid was the young elector's defense of his Province that his Senior, Father Ryder, at the close of his address went to Father Paresce's desk and in presence of the whole congregation gave him the Jesuit amplexus.

Shortly after his return to Maryland, Father Paresce was made, first, Socius to the Master of Novices at Frederick, and later, Rector and Master of Novices—and beyond question an ideal Master, he made.

Dominant in his teaching and personal life was his love for the Society, the embodiment, I had almost said the incarnation of charity, prudent in a remarkable degree, pains-taking, he lived for his novices, for them spared himself in nothing and loved them with such a love as filled the heart of our Holy Father himself for his first companions.

Until April 1861, nearly ten years, Father Paresce held his charge at Frederick. On April 19th he was proclaimed Provincial as successor to Father Villiger, and retained this office until September 1869.

The monumental work of Father Paresce's administration, beyond all compare, was the foundation of Woodstock College. From his own experience as a student of Philosophy and Theology, and his observation for years of the insufficient provisions made for the formation of our Scholastics, who as a rule were forced to combine study of philosophy and theology with the exacting work of prefecting, in the boarding colleges of the Province, when prefecting had a meaning, since lost, and imposed labor, demanded sacrifice of time and convenience unthought of in our day, Father Paresce realized, that at any cost such unfavorable conditions must be eliminated, if our Society was to prosper in the United States.

With little encouragement from the *patres graviores* of the Province, indeed in face of unconcealed opposition, chiefly from the rectors of Colleges, Father Paresce set about the realization of his project. It may be worth recording here, that the one Father of influence in the province, who warmly espoused and openly encouraged his scheme of founding Woodstock, was the former bishop of Pittsburg, Rev. Michael B. O'Connor, who had changed Episcopal purple for Jesuit black.

Next to Father Paresce should rank among Woodstock's makers, Rev. Benedict Sestini, another exile from Italy; in his day, an astronomer of repute and a distinguished mathematician. To him was entrusted the work of drafting the plans for the new scholasticate and, as architect, superintending its erection.

Before accepting the freely-expressed and, mayhap, justly deserved criticisms of his plan and its defects, it may be only just to advert to the slender purse and meagre funds the makers of Woodstock had to draw upon. For years previous to the opening of Woodstock Father Paresce had utilized hours spent on rail-road trains in consulting catalogues for the formation of the Library, an essential requisite of a House of Studies.

Of the educational makers of Woodstock, of course the name of Rev. Camillus Mazzella towers over all others—a man afterwards recognized in the Church and at its centre in the Eternal City, as a giant of intellect and a mine of theological erudition, but withal a man of greatest simplicity, of most profound humility, a lover of poverty and obedience after the heart of St. Ignatius, a man who resigned the pleasure and the benefit to health of a vacation trip by sea to Boston, because it entailed a loss for one or two days of his daily Mass. Worthy of association with so distinguished a chief were the Rev. Charles Maldonado, who had won laurels in Alcala and Salamanca in his native Spain; De Augustinis, a consummate dialectician, who could unravel the most tangled knot of logic offered; Pantanella, the clear-minded, painstaking student, long Professor of Metaphysics; Franchini — a saint — who surrendered the class of moral theology to Father Sabetti, who spread far and wide the reputation of Woodstock. To Father Pantanella, Rev. Arthur Jones and Brother Mattingly is due the credit of having inaugurated the transformation of Woodstock grounds from the dreary wilderness, which the pioneers in September, 1869, entered, into the garden of beauty it to-day is.

To the present generation in quest of evidence of ideals, of noble conceptions, self-sacrificing-labors and unselfish devotion to the great Ignatian motto, A.M.D.G. I should say station yourself before the statue of the Sacred Heart which stands in front of the main entrance at Woodstock. *Si testimonium quæris, circumspice.*

This meagre tribute to the "Makers of Woodstock" would be more incomplete than it already is—without mention of Woodstock's first minister, Rev. Frederick Wm. Gockeln of the N. Y. and Canada Mission.—

Verily we may say and with exultation, "The glory of children is their Fathers".

JAMES A. DOONAN, S. J.

AN ORDINATION AMONG THE IROQUOIS

Caughnawaga, August, 1907.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

You ask me for a few details regarding my ordination at the Iroquois Mission here, with the assurance that this incident, almost the only one of its kind, will not fail to edify and interest the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS As a matter of fact, such in word and deed was the spirit of faith and piety, of love and reverence for their priests shown by the Iroquois on this occasion, that the strangers present were much struck by it. So much so that the account of it in one of the great Montreal dailies was headed "The Reign of Faith among the Iroquois", a proof that the simple faith of these good people, true and solid, if a little artless, was what had most impressed the reporter.

The ordination of a missionary is not an every-day occurrence in a retired hamlet such as Caughnawaga, and so it was the chief topic of conversation six months ahead. Accordingly, whenever I could snatch a day or two from my studies to visit my Indians, the question that invariably greeted me was, "When will you receive the blessing, Father? When will you be made a black-robe?" To my answer, this was not mine to decide but the bishop's, they would only say, "All right then! We shall send him a delegation and he cannot refuse us".

However, we got along without the delegation; for as soon as Mgr. Racicot, Co-adjutor Bishop of Montreal, heard that his services were required for the ordination of an Iroquois missionary he promptly offered himself: "Certainly, I shall come with pleasure, and any day that suits. I am even delighted to be able to oblige my own tribe, since I too am an Iroquois, having been solemnly adopted three years ago".[1]

Accordingly July the 7th was set as the day of the ordination. On the evening of the 5th I left Montreal accompanied by Frs. Gravel and Leon Lebel, two young aspirants for the Iroquois mission. We took the tramway for Lachine, intending to cross from there to Caughnawaga by boat. But although we were on the spot half an hour too early, the boat was already gone. There was nothing for it but to make a long round on foot by way of the railroad bridge, an hour's walk, and it was already past seven. Starting bravely on our way, then, we had spanned the St. Lawrence, and were approaching the first houses of the village by eight o'clock. Once within the limits it was quite clear, that the coming celebration was engrossing the minds of all. The Indians greeted us with even more ceremony than usual; every few yards I was stopped and questioned, while the mothers pointed me out to their little ones. I even heard afterwards that among some who had seen us pass, but from a distance too great to distinguish the faces, a lively discussion had arisen as to which of the three was to be ordained priest.

Just before reaching the church we met the sacristan Aronhiaritha. As soon as he caught sight of us he ran up unable to contain himself: "Just come and see the church, father! Come on! All the decorations for the feast are finished!" "How is that?" I asked, "Why all this hurry? To-morrow is only the eve, and yet everything is ready, you say?" "Yes, father, but just come and see how well it looks! The women of the village came to help me several times and each brought the best she had in the way of decoration. Nothing is left but to touch up the outside a little". I hinted that I was in a hurry, that it was late and getting dark. "That makes no difference, father, come and take a glimpse at it anyhow". There was no way out of it, I had to go; and in spite of the gloom I could not help noticing that the church was lavishly adorned. I con-

[1] Cfr. WOODSTOCK LETTERS, 1905

gratulated the sacristan accordingly. "During the past four years I never saw the church so well decorated". "Even in many, many years," he returned, "it has not appeared so fine".

A few moments later Fr.Granger, missionary at Caughnawaga, received us with open arms. Br. Bashnagel, too, recognizing the voices, came to give us a hearty hand-shake, and then hastened to relight his fire, for the unexpected walk and the fresh evening air had furnished me and my companions with a keen appetite. During supper Fr. Granger told us of the general interest, liberality and good-will shown by the whole tribe in its endeavor to prepare as splendid a celebration as possible. "All are waiting for the day with the greatest concern", he said; "this evening the men will meet to consider the best way of proceeding. The chief has been here already to have my opinion and put himself at my disposal, assuring me that he is only too glad to do anything that may help to make the day a success". Soon after supper we retired to our rooms, pondering all these good tidings. The cool breezes from the St. Lawrence and Lac Saint-Louis invited slumber, and the last sounds we heard were the strains of the band near by, practicing for the coming feast.

Early the next morning I went to the church to study the decorations at my leisure and in broad daylight. Everyone knows how fond the Indians are of flashy colors; scarlet red, bright yellow and deep green are their favorites, and certainly the squaws did not forego their usual predilections in this particular case. Still I do not mean to belittle their efforts, and taken all in all, the little church had a holiday air in which there was nothing unseemly or outlandish. The materials were poor, it is true, but then the best had been made of them. Streamers of many hues hung from the arched roof and terminated symetrically at various points, where they were held by huge dolls, real dolls at that, to whom temporary wings of gilt-paper had lent something of the appearance of angels. Wreaths and brilliant paper flowers, banners and oriflammes adorned the walls, the pillars, the organ-loft, the chandeliers,—they were everywhere. Abundance certainly compensated for whatever was wanting in elegance. One old woman, I am told, when she came into the church and beheld all these marvels was so overcome that she could not help exclaiming aloud, "Ioianere! Ioianere!" (How lovely! How lovely!) With this she let herself sink upon one

of the benches, and in wide-eyed astonishment began to contemplate all, as if wrapped in ecstacy. Many of the old people admitted that never before had they seen anything so splendid at Caughnawaga.

Taking a walk that same afternoon I noticed an unusual stir in the village-street; men stationed at regular distances on each side of the way were busy digging holes, while wagons arrived from the woods loaded with evergreens from ten to fifteen feet high. "What are you going to do with these?" I asked an Indian. "We are going to deck the road", was his answer, "from the church to the quay where the bishop will land." "That's right", I remarked, "His Lordship deserves it all." "It is not for him", he corrected with some liveliness; "'tis for you, 'tis for you!" And soon a row of beautiful evergreens graced each side of the way, and three hundred trees gave up their young lives for the occasion.

But the street was not alone in holiday attire; the Indian cottages soon followed the good example. The little hospital of the Sacred Heart was one of the first to fall in line with its gayest decorations. And when I expressed my gratification to Madam Peronno, the superior, she replied; "But you are not the first to compliment me, father. Only a moment ago, Satekaienton, the old ex-chief, came to see me. He saluted me, straightened himself to his full height, and then eying me with an air of authority, began: "Madam I am pleased, and proud of you". "And it is no small pleasure to me", I answered, "to know that such a man as Satekaienton is proud of me; it is a great honor indeed. But what have I done to earn such a favor?" "I shall tell you, was the old chieftain's reply. "It is because you love us, and this I know because you have decorated your house. For thus you show that you feel for us. When we are glad you are glad, and when we are sad, you can be sad with us. To-day you saw that we Indians were doing all we could to beautify our little village and did your share. That is why I am proud of you".

But in the midst of such rejoicing there is one anxious face, that of our devoted sacristan, Aronhiaritha. In his simplicity the good fellow had almost imagined that the order of the ceremonies and even the validity of the ordination greatly, if not entirely, depended on him. Persuaded then of the grandeur and sublimity of his functions as sacristan on the morrow, he faltered before such responsibility and could not help complaining. "What shall I do at all? I never even saw an ordination. If it

were a mere confirmation I should be at no loss what to do and prepare, for I could almost give confirmation myself. But an ordination!! Perhaps it will be a failure on my account!" When he was told that the bishop and his assistants would hold themselves responsible for everything, the poor fellow felt a great load lifted from his shoulders.

This good-will and generosity had soon to undergo a harder proof. For on the morning of the 7th, the day of the ordination, the rain began to fall in torrents as early as three o'clock. Great was the disappointment everywhere; the sky was overcast and it looked like an all day's downpour. The triumphal arch in front of the church was abandoned; the willing workers, who had promised to be on hand bright and early, were kept within doors by the rain. But suddenly about half past seven the sky began to clear and a light breeze rolled the clouds away. A few more scattered showers caused a little uneasiness, but hope was high again. About eight o'clock the band passed through the village on its way to the wharf; the gay music and the roll of the bass-drum restored the spirits of all, and the work was soon under way once more.

The first discharge of cannon about nine o'clock announced the approach of the boat bearing Mgr. Racicot, and a great crowd made its way toward the quay. A little later His Lordship landed, gave his blessing as he passed through the respectful gathering and went on to the hospital of the Sacred Heart nearby. Here he paid a short visit to the sick, put on his pontifical robes, crosier, mitre and cope, then took his place under a canopy borne by four chieftains, and the procession set out for the church.

At the head of the file Martin Double-Axe, full of gravity and majesty, led the way on horseback. He was clothed in his finest suit of chamois, figured here and there with colored beads; his head was decked with his proudest plumes and his feet encased in fancy moccasins; his hair, ordinarily tied up, fell freely on his shoulders; tomahawk in hand, he was a very emperor making a triumphal entry into his capital. Round about him followed the other braves in full national dress, forming a guard of honor for their chief; next came the band, next His Lordship surrounded by the visiting priests, then a group of young squaws carrying flags and banners, and pell-mell after them the unnumbered throng. Thus the procession arrived at the church.

door toward ten o'clock; there is a peal from the belfry, another discharge of cannon, the last harmonies of the band are heard; then all crush into the church, too small for such a number, and Mass begins in deepest silence.

The ordination proceeded as usual, the only exception being that the litanies, the Te Deum and the Veni Creator were sung in Iroquois, just as their Mass is, according to the Iroquois custom. After the gospel Fr. Forbes, a secular priest and former Iroquois missionary, explained all the ceremonies likely to interest the onlookers—the litanies, the prostration, the folded chasuble, the anointing and imposition of hands. In spite of the stifling heat the whole ceremony was followed with the utmost attention.

In the afternoon there was another ceremony, in honor of the bishop and the newly-ordained priest. Soon after dinner the Indians began to gather in front of the presbytery where the demonstration was to take place. And when His Lordship and the priests were seated a cannon as usual prefaced matters, causing, as usual too, a contented smile from the braves, a start among the women, and the most gleeful outcry on the part of the children.

First of all the chief and his council with all the aristocracy of the village shook hands with the bishop and the priests. Then in a short address in Iroquois, translated into French by Fr. Forbes, the chief welcomed His Lordship, who in turn congratulated the Iroquois on the magnificent reception they had prepared for him and their new missionary; he then encouraged them to persevere in their spirit of faith, and their love and reverence for their missionaries.

After this came what is called an Iroquois baptism, that is, the ceremony by which the Iroquois adopt a person into their tribe and look upon him as one of their own. This favor is accorded to their missionaries and sometimes to a distinguished visitor. It consists of various war-dances and the bestowal of an Iroquois name on the adopted. The Iroquois who take part are always dressed in full regimentals, with their finest feathers on. The number engaged depends on the circumstances; in the present case it was as follows: First, two warriors came to meet me, one called Deep Sky and the other Double-Axe. The former carried a tomahawk, the other a horn bound with bright ribbons; in this horn were small stones or other hard materials intended, when shaken, to mark the measure in the war-dance. These two warriors were my god-fathers, charged with the of-

fice of presenting me to the tribe; taking one my right hand and the other my left, they first led me far and wide, dancing the while and singing in a tone nasal and monotonus, but varied from time to time by sharp cries. Finally Deep Sky introduced me to the audience in these flattering terms: "We, poor savages that we are, have no intelligence: but here is a black-robe who has enough to supply all the Iroquois. (Laughter in the crowd). I move then, that we adopt him in our tribe, and give him the name of Tekaronhioken!"[1] Then the speaker repeated my name in three ear-splitting shouts, throwing his arms in the air; the crowd echoing it, applauding, waving their arms, and tossing their hats. "Tekaronhioken! Tekaronhioken! Hooray! Hooray!!"

When the uproar had ceased the war-dance began. The warriors jumped and whirled about me, twisting themselves in every direction, backward and forward, brandishing their weapons around my head with the most savage threats and gestures, making believe that they were going to scalp me, as their ancestors would have done. Then they scowled at me savagely, stood their hair on end in rage, and shouted horribly, while a drum beat time for the whole wild show. During this scene I simply smiled and remained impassive, when suddenly the chiefs, ceasing their manœuvres, stretched to me the hand of friendship: "We have tried to frighten you", they said, "but as we have utterly failed, we are sure you will make a brave Iroquois".

The war-dance was succeeded by speeches; for a celebration at Caughnawaga without a harangue or two would be out of the question, the Iroquois of to-day having the same rage for eloquence as their ancestors had. The first speaker, a brave named Stacy, thanked Mgr. Racicot for his kindness in coming to visit them and give them a new missionary; he then pointed out the sublimity of the priesthood, proclaimed the reverence with which the Iroquois always treated their blackrobes, and concluded almost in these words: "To-day we pay all honor to our young and newly-anointed missionary, and this reminds me that once the Jews also made a grand reception for our Lord. Like ourselves they too adorned the streets of their big village of Jerusalem, they shouted for joy, they even threw their garments

(1) Literally Tekaronhioken means "Between two heavens", i. e. according to some, "He who is elevated so high above the clouds, that he is between the first and second heaven"; according to others, "The one that leads us to heaven"

under Jesus' feet. But alas! a few days later the men who had been loudest in the praise of our Lord loudly demanded his death, and the chiefs of the Jews were even more relentless than the rest. But we Iroquois will not imitate those Jews. And you, O chiefs of this tribe, beware of ever acting like the chiefs of the great village, Jerusalem! No, honor the priest that is given you, love him and try to help him to do his duty. And he on his part will love us and stay with us always to teach us how to pray. We shall make him happy by obeying him, he will make us happy by leading us to heaven". The speakers who followed developed the same ideas, thanked His Lordship for his visit, testified their joy and satisfaction at having witnessed the ordination, and insisted on their love for the black-robe. At the end Mgr. Racicot blessed the kneeling throng, and shortly afterwards left for Montreal delighted and deeply touched, as he said, by all he had seen and heard.

The following day was that of the first Mass. As the philosophers, then spending their vacations at Boucherville, were to be present, the Mass did not begin until half-past-nine. But in spite of this delay the congregation was that of a Sunday, and the women of the Holy Family [1] waited until that hour "to receive Holy Communion from the hand of the new priest". And not only women but men were there in good numbers. "I shall lose half-a-day", said one young workman, "and half-a-day's pay, but that's nothing, I must be at your Mass to see you and to pray".

Here is a last striking trait. During the afternoon a good old man, aged eighty-seven, made his way to the presbytery. "Where is the young priest?" he asked on entering, "I have come for his blessing". I happened to be out for the moment. "Never mind", he said, seating himself without further ceremony, Indian fashion, "I shall wait for him". I returned a few moments later, and as soon as he saw me he fell on his knees. "Bless me father, bless me!" I gave him my blessing and then helped him to his feet. "Father", he said, and his eyes were full of tears, "I am old and have been ailing for some time. I have not left home for several weeks, and could not come to your ordination yesterday. But today I said to myself, 'you must go and be blessed by the little black-robe; it will do you good'. So I set out.

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[1] Pious association founded of old by Fr. Chaumonot and still flourishing at Caughnawaga

Often I had to rest on the way, I was so weak, but at last by sheer courage I got here. Now I have your blessing and I am happy".

I bring this to an end here, Reverend and Dear Father, for it is already a little long. May these few traits of the faith of our Iroquois be of interest to you, and inspire your readers to pray now and then for these good souls and those who work in the midst of them.

Yours truly in Xt.,

JOSEPH GRAS, S. J.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN THE CONGO

A valuable and interesting work has been recently published at Brussels, which gives an account of the labors of the Jesuit Missionaries in the Congo, Ceylon and Bengal. The part about the Congo, in view of the recent attacks upon that mission, is timely and serves to give a true idea of the apostolic and educational work done there by the Belgian Fathers. It is for this reason that an abstract of this part has been made for the readers of "THE LETTERS," and is presented below. Those who wish for fuller information are referred to the book itself, which is elegantly gotten up, and is profusely illustrated with half-tones and four large maps, indicating in detail all the towns and districts evangelized by the Missionaries.[1]

Prior to the coming of the Belgian Fathers three different attempts were made by the Portuguese priests to establish the Catholic religion in this inhospitable land. In 1498 some secular priests set foot on African soil and founded the mission of Angola. Zeal, good will, and the spirit of sacrifice were not wanting in these first apostles, but difficulties arose with which neither they nor their immediate successors were able to cope. The attempt to convert the natives had therefore to be abandoned.

Fifty years later, in 1548, at the request of John III, King of Portugal, four Portuguese Jesuits resumed the work, but were not more successful.

In 1553, after an existence of four years, the Mission was closed, and the few surviving Fathers, on the death of their Superior, returned to Europe. At the end of

[1] Au Congo et aux Indes, Bruxelles; Chas. Bulens, 1906, pp. 315

that same year, 1553, the Jesuit Fathers reopened the Mission; they penetrated into the interior of the country and established missions on the river Congo; but sickness and death, ill-will on the part of the tribes, constant interference and persecution from the Native Rulers, besides the slow process of communication and transportation of those days, with the impossibility of obtaining assistance from the King of Portugal, compelled the Fathers to abandon the idea of staying in the country. Let it not be thought, however, that the labors of these early pioneers were altogether barren of results. Even at this distant time, the Fathers now in the Congo have met natives with Portuguese names, such as, Don Paolo, Dona Maria, etc. Success far more encouraging was to answer the efforts of the Belgian Fathers in our own days. In 1885, the independent state of the Congo was recognized at Berlin. The King of the Belgians, Leopold II, applied to Rome to obtain the coöperation of the Society of Jesus in the work of evangelizing the natives. At his request, the late Pontiff, Leo XIII, entrusted the Mission of Kwango to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus of the Belgian Province. In March and in April, 1893, the first Missionaries, seven in number, set out for the new land; others followed, but before five years had passed, six of the missionaries had fallen victims to the terrible fevers and to the climatic conditions of the country. They had died in the prime of life, men whose virtue, talents and bodily strength seemed to have destined them to do great work for God and for souls. We may believe that to the sacrifice of the lives of men such as these is to be attributed, in large measure, the success of the Mission in subsequent years, even as in the early ages of the Church, the blood of the martyrs had been the seed of Christianity. Father Emile Van Henxthoven was superior of that chosen band, and during the few years of his life spent in the Congo did heroic work, not only in evangelizing the natives and in organizing the missions, but also in refuting the vile calumnies, which in these latter years have been spread against the conduct of the missionaries towards the natives. Father Van Henxthoven died at the age of fifty-four. His death is a great loss and a serious trial for the Mission.

The Congo Free State is divided into twelve districts. The Mission of Kwango includes the district of that name and the district of Stanley Pool, thus covering nearly one tenth the area of the entire

state; that is about four times the area of Belgium, or as compared with territory more familiar to us, four times the area of Maryland.[1]

The Mission of Kwango was founded in 1893, and after its thirteen years of existence it may boast of results truly marvellous. From the very outset the Missionaries had a twofold object in view: to civilize the natives and to convert them. They conceived the ideal plan not only of baptising and instructing the poor negroes, but also of raising them from their fallen condition; of transforming these poor creatures who were given over to idleness and habits of vice, into laborious and industrius men and women. To succeed in a plan such as this it was useless to work on the adults, in whom habits of idleness were ingrained, with the deplorable consequences which idleness brings with it. The adult, in the Lower Congo at least, is, generally speaking, unfit to learn anything. His instincts and his aspirations are those of the animal. He fails to grasp the most elementary notions of Christianity. To ask of him to remember is to exact too much. From the age of fifteen or twenty, the storehouse of his memory seems to be filled; not an inch of it is left to receive an additional supply of images. What, then, does the work of the Missionary with the adults amount to? He induces them to be present at the public prayers and to frequent the Catechism classes. By dint of repetition some sort of idea is imparted of God and Religion. Hence in case of mortal sickness it is enough to call to his mind the great truths heard frequently before. A few short questions assure the priest of the good dispositions of the dying man, who, as the familiar phrase has it, "gets home by the last train". It is a fact of common occurence in many stations for these poor savages to call the priest when one of their fellows, even an infidel, falls sick; if the priest cannot be found the catechist is called instead. Formerly the Sorcerer was the only one allowed near the bedside of the dying.

The work of the Fathers would, therefore, be almost fruitless were it devoted exclusively or chiefly to the conversion of adults or of the older people. Hence the Missionaries, to obtain sure and lasting results, give most of their care to the children. The education of the little ones has been and is their chief solicitude. They try to instil into these tender minds religious prin-

[1] Area of Belgium 11400 square miles
Area of Maryland 12210 square miles

ciples and love for work; they show them by slight and easy tasks how comfort can be had at the cost of a little trouble. This system is more practical in Africa as the relations of children towards their parents are peculiar. By the laws or customs existing in the Congo, children do not belong to their father, but to their maternal uncle. Children, in return, have little concern for their parents, and the uncle is willing to care for the child only in so far as he can expect from it some personal profit. Hence the little ones become an easy prey to the love and care of the "White Man of God", especially if the "White Man of God", is willing to offer presents, a few inches of cloth, a knife or similar articles. So the children are brought to the mission, where they are taught the catechism, reading, writing, arithmetic and different trades. All are instructed according to their different degrees of intelligence and aptitude. From among the children thus trained, the best are chosen to act as catechists, and those whom their talents recommend for the work are put in charge of secondary stations. These secondary stations are the creation of Father Van Henxthoven. They are institutions of a peculiar nature, not schools, not churches, not houses, not workshops, but something which partakes of the nature of all these. "Christian Farm"[1] is the only English equivalent that we can find for the French name, coined by the founder, to designate this new and singular sort of abode. These farms give the Mission of Kwango its peculiar feature.

Scattered all over the Mission, about three hundred in all, they are so many centres from which radiate among the native villages the benign influences of the Catholic Church. They are frequently visited by some one of the Fathers, who remains a few days among the flock. He examines the children, takes note of the progress made, advises. encourages, reprimands and by his presence and his instructions gives a new stimulus to piety and to Faith.

What the Fathers are doing for the boys, the Sisters are accomplishing for the girls. The devoted Sisters of Notre Dame, whose coöperation Father Van Henxthoven secured from the very start, are not outdone in activity and zeal by the priests. To them is due the credit of preparing Christian wives and mothers for the coming generation. Thus the training of the young being in the hands of priests and Sisters, one may look to the near

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[1] The original French word is "ferme-chapelle", chapel-farm

future for a civilized and Christian community, which will spring up in that land that only yesterday lay buried in the night of barbarism and savagery.

Let us now look into the work of the Missionaries more in detail and study the system they have adopted. This system has a twofold aspect; 1st, the work in the six main stations or residences of the Fathers; secondly, the work carried on by them in the Christian Farms. Of each we shall say a few words, so as to give an adequate idea of the organization which has cost the Missionaries so much sacrifice, but which has finally secured for them permanent success.

WORK IN THE RESIDENCES

Not counting the establishments which the Missionaries have been compelled to abandon on account of fever, and especially, on account of the terrible sleeping sickness, the Kwango Mission possesses to-day six main stations or residences. The foremost of them all, not in the order of time but of importance, is Kisantu, the heart of the Mission, the residence of the Prefect Apostolic. We shall give the history and description of Kisantu only; for the other stations are all similar. Places and environments differ, methods and work are the same. The Fathers arrived in Kisantu in 1894. At that time it was a wild country, thickly set with weeds, briars and brushwood, ten and twelve feet high. With axe and hoe in hand, the Fathers cleared a place, and in November that year completed some sort of a dwelling. Modest indeed that dwelling was. The walls were low and made of clay. Mattings nailed to wooden frames served as doors. Four posts, driven in the ground and joined by cross-pieces, over which was fastened a piece of canvas, did for a bed; boards taken from cracker boxes were transformed into tables, and the entire outfit of the Community was thus placed on African soil. The chapel corresponded to the house; yet, says, Father Liagre, "I have prayed with more devotion in this little temple than in the richest basilicas of Europe". The porch of the house was used as a class-room, and there the A B C, and Catechism were taught twice a week. This temporary structure has given way to a more comfortable home. Kisantu to-day is a little village of twenty-six buildings. In the house of the Fathers there are eighteen rooms, including chapel, refectory, library and recreation room. Close by the house are the kitchen, the

baker's shop, the store-house, the blacksmith shop, the carpenter shop, the workshops, the tannery, the house for the children, the school and an enclosure for cattle. Four Fathers, five Scholastics and seven Brothers have some 500 children in training. Since the time the government of the Congo entrusted the education of these little ones to the Jesuit Fathers the number of children has increased considerably. At Mpse, another station of the Mission, there are at present 800 children under eight years of age. To understand the work of the Fathers better let us consider it from the material, the spiritual and the intellectual point of view.

When the Fathers settled at Kisantu the work that lay before them was to clear the land inch by inch of the African brushwood which covered it. The Fathers and Brothers, directing and working with the children, set themselves manfully to the task. Bushes and weeds and trees were cut down, left on the ground to dry, and then set on fire. When the site was thus cleared it was necessary to wait for the rainy season; to work the ground before that time is out of the question, one might as well try to plow a field of rock and iron. But with the first heavy showers the work of cultivation begins. On level land the implement used is a large plow drawn by a team of eight or ten oxen; on the hills groups of children turn up the soil by means of hoes, and moving among them, the Jesuit Father or Brother in white cassock, the sweat rolling from his brow. In this manner 500 acres have been cleared of brushwood. Where less than ten years ago the explorer would have found nothing but wild growth, there he now meets with well tilled fields and gardens, yielding rice, beans, sweet potatoes, bananas and all the products of the tropical climate. The visitor is surprised to see oxen, cows, goats, hogs, chickens, "raised on the farm"; surprised to see Kisantu not only supplying the entire colony with the necessaries of life, but also shipping the surplus of its products to the neighboring farms and villages.

All this work is under the control of the Fathers, yet the boys are not slaves, nor are they mere workmen; they are trained to become men capable of carrying on agricultural work by themselves and for their own profit. What is done in the way of tilling the field and raising the crops is done also along other lines. Under the name of workshops, mentioned above, must be ranked the buildings in which carpenters, bricklayers, shoemakers and printers are instructed in their re-

spective trades. In every one of these departments results have been obtained that far surpass the most sanguine expectations.

Praiseworthy as all this labor is, it becomes doubly so when animated and supernaturalized by the high ideals of Christian Faith. The interests of the body are not neglected, but they are made subservient to the welfare of the soul. The following is the order of the day mapped out for the little Congolese by their spiritual directors.

5.25. Rise—Mass—After the elevation, morning prayers—Beads—Laudate Dominum, sung in Congolese.
6.15. Work—Special class for Catechists.
8.30. Work in the fields.
9.45. Rest.
10.00. Sacred History and Class.
11.45. Dinner, then free for 2 hours.
2.00. Catechism, Class and singing lessons.
4.30. Work in the gardens.
5.45. Meeting of the Colony in the Church—hymns—evening prayer—Laudate.

On Sundays those who wish to go to Holy Communion are in the Church at 5.45. Before Mass the prayers preparatory to Holy Communion are recited in common. During Mass hymns are sung and a sermon is given. At 8 A. M., there is Sunday School, then free time all day, and the day closes with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5.45 P. M.

A description of the Feast of the Assumption will speak more eloquently than anything else of the simple and child-like faith of these children of the Church in Africa. The account is taken from a letter of Father Butage. In 1902, the feast of Mary's entrance into heaven fell on a Friday. The new Christians wished to celebrate their Mother's triumph by a pilgrimage in her honor and by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. August 15th, all the Christians of the neighboring stations gathered at the Mission of "Marie Louise Boma". The distance of thirty miles was nothing, and some walked three days.

On Saturday, August 16th, at 5.30 A. M., all set out in order for Kisantu about five miles away. The Christians of each station were grouped about a standard bearing the name of their village. They sang and prayed and talked in turns. Near Kisantu there was a halt. The lines were formed and the Pilgrims began the beads.

When they came in sight of the Mission all the children, singing in unison, made the neighboring woods re-echo with the beautiful invocations of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. And so they advanced, slowly and solemnly towards the statue of the Immaculate Conception. Here they formed into two circles, and the immense crowd of people knelt on the ground under the folds of their waving banners. All eyes were fixed on the beautiful statue standing out from among the flowers and evergreens as a vision from on high, asking the blessings of God upon the poor Africans kneeling at her feet. Then the school-children entoned the MAGNIFICAT in Congolese to which the entire multitude responded.

Sunday , the 17th, was the day set for the great procession. At 5 o'clock in the morning the Church was opened. Groups of people twenty to twenty-five in number, entered to receive Holy Communion, make their thanksgiving, and leave the Church to make room for others. When all had approached the Holy Table, Mass was said in the open air, and after Mass the procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. It was here that the labors of the Sisters of Notre Dame were manifest. They had organized groups of little children, boys and girls, dressed in white and blue. A touching sight it was to see these black children in snow-white dress, scattering leaves and flowers before the Blessed Sacrament, and young damsels with white veils, forming the guard of honor around the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Little ones, dressed in red, escorted the image of the Infant Jesus, and directly before the Blessed Sacrament, the members of the brass band played the music of the sacred hymns.

We can easily picture to ourselves the enthusiasm of the natives; but who shall tell the emotion of the priest, when, with the ostensorium raised on high he made the great sign of the Cross over the multitude, kneeling before him. Gazing at that multitude, who would ever think, that ten years ago many of them had little higher aspirations than the wild beasts roaming in the jungles.

But if the material and the spiritual are thus cared for, the training of the mind is not overlooked. Here, however, let no one imagine that the Missionary goes out there to teach Cosmology, or problems in integral Calculus. The Fathers had to begin at the beginning and the task was not a light one. What have they accomplished? BY THEIR FRUITS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM. We subjoin two letters written by natives to Fathers

in Belgium. They were composed without any assistance whatever. Let the reader see and judge for himself.

Louis Mambu to the Prefect of Studies in the College of Ghent:

"You ask me how many baptized children we have at the Mission. We have twenty-four and there are eighteen others not yet baptized. Perhaps on Easter Sunday some will be baptized together with two grown women. Father Prefect, pray to God for me that I may faithfully keep the Commandments of God until I die. Many children would like to come to catechism, but their parents will not allow them. Pray to God that the parents may let them come. Tell your pupils to pray for them, for the people are crazy, they know not God. I pray to God for you, and may you serve God faithfully till the hour of your death."

A young pupil of Fr. Hendrickx writes to him as follows:

Kisantu, March 10th, 1905.

REV. FATHER ANDREKISI.

Good day. Now for a little chat with you. I have seen much grief because you returned to Europe. Now I pray to God. May He take care of you. And then you come back here, to take care of us with all the other things, the body with the soul.

Your child,

HUBERE NSIUGI,

Your friend a long time at Naembo.

THE WORK ON THE CHRISTIAN FARMS.

We said above that at the residences of the Fathers the children were taught to labor and to pray; and that from among them the most promising were picked out to act as directors or supervisors at the secondary stations. It remains now for us to see how this work is related to the other occupations of the Missionaries. Let us follow, then, the Father in one of his expeditions. He sets out for Kisantu, Womboli or any one of the Residences of the Mission, in the company of the catechist and a few young men, well provided with tools, presents and food. He penetrates into the interior of the country in search of the native villages. After two or three

days tramp, the travellers come to a settled district. These villages, as a rule, are nothing more than a group of wretched huts built of reeds under the palm-trees; they shelter two, three or four hundred inhabitants. The Father asks to see the "Mfumu", Chief, and begs of him to be allowed to put up a shack in the village. Sometimes this permission is readily granted, sometimes it is positively refused. In this latter case the Father has to win over the chief either by argument or by presenting him with some pieces of cloth of gaudy color; generally he gets what he wants. He begins his work at once with the help of the men who come with him, and of the children of the village, whom he calls to his assistance. The site given is cleared of rubbish and fenced in. A chapel of clay is put up, a house is erected, a stable built and the Christian Farm is ready. The Father, who in the mean time, has not lost the opportunity of winning the confidence and love of the natives, gathers all the children of the neighborhood and puts them under the care of the catechist, who has been specially trained for this work at the Residence. He knows what to do and how to do it. All this is the work of less than a week. The Father takes leave of his Catechist and of the new flock, gives them his blessing, and goes further on, trying to repeat the same work in the next village. Word is sent to the Residence, and a few days later there arrive at the new colony chickens, goats, hogs, oxen, etc. The colony is supported by the Residence for eighteen months at least, that is to say up to the time of the first harvest. After that time it is generally able to provide for itself. The cost of establishing a Christian Farm is $400. The supply of the garden is greater than the demand. The colonists sell of their abundance to their neighbors, to the agents of the State and to the Missionaries.

Presided over by the catechist the community of fifty children or more follow an order of the day left them by the Father. After rising they go to the chapel to pray, and then during the day there are fixed hours set for class, for work, for catechism and for meals. In the evening they all gather for prayers, and the day closes with the "Laudate Dominum", sung in Congolese by all. The catechist presides over all these exercises; he distributes the food, teaches class, recites the prayers, directs the work. Though managed by him the farms are not excluded from the control of the Fathers. On the contrary, the supervision exercised is close and constant.

The Missionary visits the colony frequently and regularly; praises the good done and rectifies what he finds to need correction.

Do these catechists know their business? The following story will convince the most prejudiced mind. Zimbu was a young Catechist at the residence of Kisantu. Falling a victim to the sleeping sickness, he lost his mind and became violent, so much so, that it was necessary to separate him from his companions. The Father had often tried to hear his confession, but alas, for poor Zimbu, his mental faculties seemed to be irretrievably lost. One morning, one of the little boys was attacked by the same deadly disease. For fear of communicating the plague to the others, he was separated from them and given a special hut at some distance from the one occupied by Zimbu. That same day the Father was obliged to go to the railroad depot to meet a party of white men. He had scarcely reached the spot when a young negro came running up to him: "Father", he said, "return at once, the sick boy is dying". The Father hastened back at full speed, but only to find the child dead. He severely reprimanded and scolded the inmates of the colony for not having called him sooner.

"Through your fault", he added, "this boy died without baptism".

"No, Father", interrupted Zimbu, "he was baptized".

"How so? By whom"?

"By me".

"By you? When? How? Explain!

"Listen Father. The little fellow came to me, and sat down right here. It was then I noticed he was dying. I asked him if he loved God, and he said, yes. And then I asked him if he believed that Jesus Christ was God, and died for us, and he said, yes. And then I asked him if he wished to be baptized and go to heaven, and he said, yes. And then I took water, and I poured it over his head, and I said: "I baptize the in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost". Zimbu retained his mental powers during the day and made his confession. From that time until he died he gave no other sign of intelligence.

Once upon a time, a Father was on his way to the Christian Farm. Evening had come and the darkness began to fall on the river and in the woods. There was silence all around him, that deep and solemn silence of the wide and trackless solitudes of Africa. Suddenly from the chapel, where the children had gathered for

prayer, rose in the sweet and melodious tones of the Congolese tongue, the anthem to the Creator of the Universe:

Praise the Lord all ye nations,
Praise the name of the Lord.

The Father's heart throbbed with emotion. He fell upon his knees and with the children he repeated the sacred song:

Praise the Lord all ye nations,
Praise the name of the Lord.

* * * *

With these incidents we shall bring to a close the study of the labors of the Jesuit Fathers in the Congo. Much more might be added. We might tell of the obstacles they found in their way, of disappointments they had to encounter, of the dangers they had to face; but what we have said will give the reader a fair idea who those thirty-seven Jesuits are, who spend themselves on that African continent, and what their brothers have been who have fallen victims of the fever and sleeping sickness; worthy followers of Him Who said: "Greater love than this no man hath, than that a man lay down his life for his friends". We do not doubt that many a time in reading this account, the thoughts of our readers have turned to the reductions of Paraguay and recognized in the Belgian Fathers worthy emulators of those great Apostles of the land of the Southern Cross.

HENRY R. FLEUREN, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS

September to Christmas; 1907

(*continued*)

AUBURN, N. Y., *St. Aloysius' Church, Oct. 20 to Nov. 3*—Fr. O'Donovan and myself were to be companions-in-arms again at Auburn. But the mission opened the day on which that at Potsdam closed, so it became necessary to divide our forces. I left Potsdam on the 11.30 A. M. train and arrived in Auburn at 7.45 that evening.

St. Aloysius' is a new parish, established only 6 years ago. The pastor, Fr. J. McGrath, is an energetic worker and has done marvels since his coming. Besides the rectory and convent, he has put up a fine hall and club rooms, and an excellent building, which is a combination church and school. There are several sodalities for the different grades of the congregation, and practically every member of the parish receives Holy Communion monthly.

While arranging the details of the mission Saturday night, I spoke, of course, of a special mission for the children which it is our custom to give. The pastor seemed surprised and said: "That's fine, but others don't have it".

I spoke at all the Masses on Sunday. Among the announcements of the pastor, was one calling on all the men of the parish, to meet in the hall in the afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Holy Name Society. A good number responded and the pastor asked me to address them. In the evening, the mission formerly opened, and the church was filled to suffocation.

Next morning the pastor told me he had promised the catechists in an outlying station, under his charge, that one of the Missioners would go there Sunday night to preach and give them the benefits of the mission. Here was a difficulty. Fr. O'Donovan had told me he would leave Potsdam on the 11.30 A. M. train Sunday, and I knew, of course, that he could not arrive in Auburn till 7.45 P. M., possibly later. But the services here were to begin at 7.30, so I 'phoned my Superior at Potsdam, 169 miles away. I made known the difficulty and asked if he could come on the early morning train. The welcome reply came back: "I shall be there". A great anxiety was lifted from my mind, and I thought some long thoughts on the benefits of modern inventions.

Monday morning was spent by the pastor and myself in visiting some of God's afflicted. I jot down a few items. The first call was to a man suffering from locomotor ataxia for 5 years. There were several children, and the wife was obliged to go out to work every day. Very sad case. Next, to a blind man. Then a paralytic, a man of 80, called Gladstone, on account of his striking resemblance to the great Commoner. The poor man weeps almost continually. A most pathetic case some doors distant. A boy of 20, with curvature of the spine. He was in constant pain and was reduced to a skeleton, but very patient through it all. His gentle, sweet-faced mother, with tears in her eyes, said she was so grateful to us for coming to see her "saintly boy". All very edifying, truly.

The last call of the morning was not so consoling. A man lay near his death in the last stages of consumption. He had married outside the Church, and there were 5 small children. What would become of them when he was gone? True, he had not done much for them up to this, for he was a shiftless fellow, still he had made some pretense of rearing them as Catholics; but at his death the protestant wife would have control. But the future of his children did not appear to worry him much. He was a careless, slipshod sort of an apology for a man, and his one desire appeared to be to avoid trouble and to slide out of life with the same easy gracelessness that had characterized him all his days. Of course this was no time to scold. I did what I could for him, prepared him for the end and tried to make him realize his position. It was a painful scene. The pastor, a good, zealous man, will keep an eye on the children, and do everything possible to save them.

Fr. O'Donovan arrived at 3 o'clock, to assume command, and I was commissioned to go on the one-night-stand mission, spoken of above. It was at a place called Cayuga, on Lake Cayuga, 9 miles away. The curate and I started towards evening, and took supper with a fine Catholic family named Mansfield, who keep a hotel there. In the parlor I was surprised to see the Fordham colors displayed profusely. There were several pictures of the Fordham B. B. team, and one large photograph of a fine group of young men in cap and gown, and in the front row were Frs. D. Quinn, O'Reilly, J. F. X. O'Conor and Mr. Miley. Under the picture in bold letters was: "Fordham '06". Young Mansfield had been a popular student of Fordham, manager of the team and had graduated a year before.

There is a fine church here, over-looking the Lake. I began to hear confessions at 7; the curate said the beads, and at 8 I gave the mission sermons in condensed form—"homoeopathic doses",—some one said. There are only 80 Catholics in Cayuga, but they were all there and went to confession. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and pious articles were blessed. I left at 10, the curate remaining to say Mass next morning and to give Communion, so that the people might gain the indulgence of the mission.

The Auburn State prison is a few blocks distant from St. Aloysius'. Several of the chief officials are Catholics, and one is a trustee of the church. Two Masses are said in the prison every Sunday by a priest from the neighboring parish. There is a resident chaplain—a protestant of course—with a salary of $2,400.00 a year. The prison officials despise this chaplain and the prisoners have no respect for him. He is a bit of a fop, and, as they say of him, "wears a pink necktie". He does practically nothing during the week, and is sometimes absent on Sunday, but one said to me, "he has influence at Albany."

We received a cordial invitation to visit the prison. Of the convicts 1050 are men, 82 women. Every part of the place was visited, work-shops, refectory, kitchen, chapel. An object of gloomy interest was the room of execution and the electric chair, which last was explained minutely. The prisoners are well cared for, have considerable comfort, neat cells with electric lights, plenty of reading matter. They are also allowed to smoke—the men I mean. A life prisoner showed us some marvellous cabinet work he had done. It was made up of 2863 minute pieces of wood. We were impressed by the neatness of one cell, and stopped to talk with the man, "a lifer". He was a remarkable looking man, keen eye and fine countenance, pictures of his wife and children hung on the wall, and other reminders of home. When we left the keeper told us he had been Chief of Police in one of the large cities of the state, and had killed his man. It is likely he will be pardoned soon.

The children's mission here was a joy. Every child in the parish attends the parochial school, and of course is well trained. I found them a particularly bright set too, and it was a pleasure to talk to them. Of course everyone knows that it is a reserved case in the Rochester diocese, for a parent to send his children to the public school.

A girl of 14, died during the mission—a member of the Children of Mary. Her fellow sodalists went to the house before the funeral and recited the office. At this Mass there was a touching scene. The coffin was carried by six children, and as they moved up the church, the aisle was lined on either side with little girls dressed in white, and singing very sweetly, "Hail! Queen of Heaven". Before the body walked others carrying the banners of the Sodality, while the church bell tolled 14 strokes—one for each year of the child's life. There was scarcely a dry eye in the church.

At the time of our mission, Auburn was on fire with political excitement. One of the candidates for Mayor was a brewer, the proprietor of thirty-five liquor saloons in the city, and he was a democrat. I heard that one wealthy woman donated $100,000. to be used in defeating him. The Presbyterian ministers, and one in particular, started a crusade against him. For many Sundays nothing was heard from their pulpits but denounciations of the liquor traffic in general, and of the brewer in particular. A young man told me of an argument he had heard between two protestants. One condemned the ministers for their action, said that they should stick to the Gospel; the other was loud in their praise. The argument ended thus: "Well, anyway, there is one thing to be said for the Episcopalian ministers; they never meddle with politics or religion".

We gave some vigorous talks on the vice of intemperance during the men's week. Drunkenness is one of the capital sins of Auburn. I heard some heart-rending tales of men who earn $4.00 a day, while their children are starving, their wives heart-broken, and their homes denuded of every bit of furniture, except a chair and a table. What was the cause? Money gone for drink. The pastor told me of some who gave as an excuse for not attending Mass on Sunday, that they did not have decent clothes. Of course, because Saturday nights were spent in drinking and gambling.

A painful incident happened on Thursday of the first week of the mission. A hurry call came at 9.30 p. m., from Cayuga. The curate went, and found that a man had committed suicide. He was dead when the priest arrived. This poor man had been to the mission on Monday night, and had received Holy Communion on Tuesday morning. The pastor told me he was the best Catholic in the place, and his right hand man in every undertaking. He was a prosperous farmer, had a good

home, a devoted wife and beautiful children. It was evidently a case of temporary insanity. It seems he was called upon to testify in Court against a lifelong friend, and the prospect so preyed upon his mind that reason gave way. A few hours before his dreadful deed he had said to his wife: "Oh, pray that something may happen that I may not be compelled to give that damaging testimony. If I could only go away where no one could find me"!

A very consoling conversation took place about this time. A young lady, a protestant, was engaged to a Catholic, and the marriage was to take place soon. She had several talks with the pastor and was convinced of the truth of the Church, but hesitated to embrace the Faith. It seems that she had some sad memories of Catholics,—of one in particular,—who had led scandalous lives. "I would like to be a Catholic",she said, "but fear I could not be a good one; so much is required". She was induced to attend the mission, was deeply impressed, and yielding to the workings of grace was baptized. The marriage was celebrated in a few days—and she insisted on a nuptial Mass.

A protestant school teacher came to the mission with a friend on Tuesday night. The sermon was on hell. She called on the pastor afterwards and said to him: "I have read the Bible from cover to cover, heard it quoted often, but was never so impressed with the awfulness of the Scriptures before". "Do you believe in hell now"? said the pastor. "Indeed I do. There was no mincing matters to-night. That man hit straight from the shoulder and brought conviction to me. I never heard the like before. In my church that subject is seldom mentioned. I shall speak to my minister on Sunday".

The proper ventilation of the church is an important factor during a mission. If the people cannot listen with comfort, they cannot listen well. A stifling atmosphere is conducive to sleep, and a mission service is not a time for sleeping. Besides some may be inclined to stay away. The sexton is master of the situation here. But some sextons are worse than others. During the Auburn mission we had to deal with a sexton who was of an order apart. He was a young Irishman, William by name, very good natured, always smiling, but he did not know much about the laws of hygiene, nor did he appear capable of learning. His predominant passion during the entire mission seemed to be an inordinate love for high temperatures and vitiated air. He kept the windows

closed tight, making ventiliation an impossibility. Fancy preaching a mission sermon with the thermometer at 90°! It is something like talking in a turkish bath. "William", I said to him, "do you think you could get a little oxygen in this church?" "What's that, Father?" "It is a gas". "Sure we don't want any gas here; the church is lighted by electricity". "Oxygen is a component part of fresh air, William,'. "Fresh air, is it? Sure the church is no place for fresh air; plenty outside". "William, we don't want much, all we ask is to breathe God's pure air".

If by any chance William found the windows open, he would immediately close them again. Nor could he seem to get into his head that pure air is essential to one's well being. His business in life just then was to keep the church warm, and he apparently thought that the one way to accomplish that was to keep the boilers going at full blast and to bar all the windows. One evening just before supper time, I went around the church, and turned off all the heaters, as the place was suffocating. On leaving, I looked back and saw William stealing around the church and turning on all the heaters. But one could not become angry with the young man, he was doing his best according to his lights. Besides he really worked very hard. Up in the morning at 4, to bed at night at 11, with all the intervening hours occupied, this was his day. He did his best.

There is a certain man in this parish, whom we tried to catch in our net, but failed. He is a Canadian. His children are unbaptized, and he never attends church, though he calls himself a Catholic. The pastor told me this man visits his home every year in Canada, and while there receives Communion to please his mother. He calls it his Easter duty. The man's son, a boy of 14, wished to become a Catholic, and his playmates gave him a catechism. The father saw the lad studying it at night, beat him and compelled him to throw the catechism in the fire. The boy said: "Father, when I am 21 you will not make me burn my catechism".

It is the custom with us now to have the Holy Hour on Saturday night, during the mission. In former years, Saturday night was given up entirely to hearing confessions, but experience has shown that the time given to the Holy Hour is a positive gain in many ways, and this especially in the men's week. Saturday night is a dangerous occasion; the men or many of them, have been tuned up to concert pitch during the week, and when

Saturday night comes, if there is nothing to do, they are apt to celebrate and thus lose the fruits of the mission.

It has been surprising to us, and consoling, too, to see how readily all take to this beautiful devotion. Many times men have said to me: "Father, this is the best thing in the whole week. I enjoyed it more than any other service".

Here is the program I followed at Fr. O'Donovan,s suggestion:

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. "O Salutaris".
Sermon—Agony in the Garden—10 minutes.
Litany of the Sacred Heart.
Hymn to the Sacred Heart.
Sermon—Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. "He is here".—10 minutes.
Litany of the Holy Name.
Hymn to the Holy Name.
Sermon—Christ in Holy Communion. "He is here for us".—10 minutes.
Litany of the Blessed Virgin.
Tantum Ergo. Benediction.

One of those painful incidents which so often happen at missions, and which strike a note of warning in the hearts of many, occured here. At 1.30 a.m.,the 'phone rang in Fr. O'Donovan's room. It was a hurry call from the hospital. Fr. O'Donovan awoke the pastor, who prepared quickly to answer the call, but before he left the house, the 'phone rang again; the patient was dead. The pastor knew him well. He had for many years led a reckless life, and had not been to confession for a long time. He had promised, however, to make the mission and died calling for the priest. The news of this event spread throughout the parish, and no doubt quickened many a sluggard's conscience.

A remarkable conversion brought about by the mission deserves recording. It was of a man, 41 years away from the church. He had drifted on the tide of godlessness and brought his children up as protestants. His son lay dying some years ago, and he brought in a High Church clergyman to give him the last sacraments. The minister came, and when he had finished his functions, a brother of this man, a fervent Catholic, said to the minister· "I am ashamed of you, sir. Why do you persist in perpetuating the sin of Henry VIII?. If you want to give Sacraments, why don't you come to the Church which has true Sacraments"? This was said with such

earnestness and scorn, that it induced the minister to examine his position, and, as he declared later, was the beginning of his conversion. He is now a Catholic priest; doing good work in a certain diocese of this country.

Although Auburn is looked on as a bigoted town, yet we saw some evidences of good will manifested. Many protestants came to the mission, and seemed deeply impressed. They said that the things they heard were entirely new to them and did them good. One man declared: "Our minister would not dare talk like that from his pulpit; his resignation would be quickly asked for".

The protestant employees of a large factory had arranged for a grand bowling tournament. It happened to fall during the men's week of our mission. So they postponed it to the following week, lest the Catholics might be drawn away from their mission.

There was brought to our notice here a curious case of combined stupidity and weakness. It was of a man and his wife, who were continually drunk and always quarreling, and ever proclaiming that they were loyal members of the Catholic Church. They were a scandal to the neighborhood, a source of shame to the Catholics, and an object of scorn to the protestants. Matters went on from bad to worse, and they were becoming a nuisance. The hand of the law descended and they were sentenced to prison. Immediately repentance came, and they pleaded so hard that a pardon was granted on promise of good behavior. A new start was made, and they began the Nine First Fridays. But soon the old life began again in the same old way. Off they went to prison again, this time to serve the full term. On the eve of the next First Friday, they sent for the pastor to hear their confessions and give them Communion next day, for, they said, "We didn't like to break our Novena".

A word about the men's week. It was a week of almost continual rain, culminating Saturday night with a most terrific downpour. At first we were filled with apprehensive forebodings about the success of the mission. The pastor told us to have no fear; he knew his men and their devotion. But we wanted evidence, and we got it shortly. Neither rain, nor storm had terrors for those gallant sons of Mother Church. It was consoling and inspiring to see them. They came in undiminished numbers. The majority, of course, were hard working men, many employed in places particularly trying. I

knew of some who came direct from the shop, supperless. It was not hard to work for such men. But Saturday night was the supreme test; the rain came down in torrents,—who could or would endure it? The mission was almost over, and the only thing to attract these men to church was the Holy Hour. But they came. I was at the rear of the church from 7 to 7.30, and watched in admiring astonishment. Many, very many, of the men came without umbrellas, (they had none, poor fellows), and of course were wet through. When Fr. O'Donovan began the Holy Hour at 7.30, there was a large crowd of men in the church. It was a splendid manifestation of faith, and good to see.

As I said above, the pastor of St. Aloysius' Church is a very zealous priest and an energetic worker. Heart and soul he is devoted to his flock, every one of which is known to him personally. And the people love him, for they see and appreciate the great good he has done. He guides them with a firm, but gentle hand; they are open to every suggestion, obedient to every wish, and young and old look to him as father and friend. Needless to say that there is an excellent Catholic spirit in the parish and that the church societies are in a flourishing condition. Hence a word of advice and encouragement from us to persevere in their good works was all that was needed.

The mission was an edifying one, the pastor was pleased, and we felt that our work was not in vain.

RESULTS.

Confessions, - - - - -	1,579
Baptisms, - - - - -	4
First Communions, - - -	1
Marriage Cases, - - - -	1

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *St. Columba's Church, Nov. 10-24.*—The fathers conducting this mission were O'Donovan, Coyle, Casey and Brown.

The church property of St. Columba's is very large, comprising a whole block on Lehigh Avenue, from 23rd to 24th streets. There is the fine parochial residence, the church, —only the basement of which is completed,—and a beautiful parish school. All these buildings have been erected by Father Gough, the pastor, since his coming, ten years ago. The parish at present numbers about 7,000 souls, but is increasing rapidly. Many new buildings are now in course of erection and many more in contemplation. Property is valuable

and rents are high, they say, and hence the better class are expected to swell the numbers. The one drawback to the parish is the Municipal Hospital or Pest House, as it is sometimes called, but that is soon to be removed.

Father O'Donovan and myself began the mission here, Frs. Casey and Brown being obliged to remain at Irvington-on-Hudson, to close the mission in that place. Sunday was a full day for Fr. O'Donovan and his companion, as we were obliged to speak at seven Masses, open the mission in the evening, and look after the class of instruction.

Of course this was one of the big missions; and we knew at the start that plenty of work lay ahead. The basement seats 1,000, but there were at least 1,600 in the church at the opening of the women's week. Every available space was made use of, aisles, side chapels, and even the sanctuary, were packed with the eager throng. The place was really too crowded for comfort. Fr. O'Donovan wished to make it a double decker, that is, two missions running at once, but for that five missionaries are needed, and we had but four, with no possibility of obtaining another. Besides there was no place to put the people. So we had to content ourselves with an overcrowded church and pray that no panic might occur.

Philadelphians, are as a rule, zealous churchgoers, always eager for the Exercises. I have taken part in preaching many missions in the great city, and the story has always been the same. This congregation we found clung firmly to tradition; the attendance at all the services was kept up with undiminished numbers to the end. Indeed, the church could not possibly accomodate more; no doubt if it could, more would have come.

The weather, during the first week, was delightful; the traditional stormy period of November had not set in, and we were blessed with one continuous succession of bright, clear days, and moonlight nights.

On Sunday afternoon it was found necessary to have a double closing of the mission, one at 2 for the unmarried women, the other at 4, for the matrons. The wisdom of this arrangement was evident, for at both services the church was filled.

The women's mission had come to an end, and so had the fine weather, for before the services began that evening, a downpour of rain came on, and the rest of the week was a dismal, dreary time, an almost continuous succession of dark days, and at night no moon was seen.

The men were getting the worst of it; but perhaps men find it less hard to face bad weather than women. Anyhow, these men did not seem to mind, for on Sunday evening, we certainly had 1,800 of them in the church. "Fine"! said the pastor, "Fine! What do you think of that crowd? Does not that sight do your heart good? These are my pets, solid men, every one of them".

Yes, they were good to see. There is plenty of faith among the men of St. Columba's. Of course they have their failings like the rest of mankind, but they are loyal to their church, and were giving practical evidence of it to-night. Every one was out, ready to do his duty, and take his medicine. Some of the men I knew; the great majority of course, were strangers to me.

Among those with whom I had acquaintance, I noticed one of the staunchest champions of the faith in the parish, and he is a liquor dealer. Now, please do not condemn him without a trial. This man is an exceptional kind of liquor dealer. True, he runs a saloon, but he has never sold a glass of liquor himself, a hired man does that, nor will he allow any drunkenness in his place, nor disorderly persons. And I know for a fact, that this man receives Holy Communion every month. The "Big Four" were there, or the Four Macs as they are sometimes called. These men are near neighbors, all living in the same block, McManus, M. D., McGuire, druggist, McGinnis, dentist, McCarron, undertaker. They stand ready to supply all your needs, whether in life or death.

Many, too, were there who had been bad boys, or as some expressed it, "Yes, they are Catholics, but they are not working at it". Evidently the male portion of the parish was aroused. All came; the good to obtain grace to persevere in well doing; the lukewarm to be quickened to fervor; and the bad to make a new start in the right direction.

One of the most beautiful and edifying services of the mission, took place during the men's week, the blessing of the babies. Announcements were made at all the Masses on Sunday, calling on the mothers of the parish, to bring the little ones to the church on Tuesday afternoon for this solemn function. It took the people by surprise. They never before had seen anything of the kind in the parish. Monday dawned blustering; the rain fell all day, and we were apprehensive. But on Tuesday the sun appeared, and the most perfect weather prevail-

ed till evening. As early as 2 o'clock the procession of the Innocents began, and at 3.30 there were 1,000 mothers in the church, each carrying a child in her arms, with two or three dragging at her skirts. There were certainly 1,500 babies in that church, all decked out in the most gorgeous attire, and all yelling out in unison, but not in harmony. Before the blessing, Fr. O'Donovan ascended the pulpit to deliver a short instruction on the nature of the ceremony, but he might as well have tried to speak against the roaring of an ocean tempest; not a word was heard. The blessing was given; then the missioner, accompanied by acolytes, went through all the aisles and sprinkled the assembled host with holy water. It was a consoling sight, and one to be remembered,—a splendid manifestation of faith on the part of good women of the parish. The prolonged wailing of the babies did not make any difference; indeed that made the event all the more impressive. The smiling faces of the mothers, showed how happy they were, now that the church had imparted her solemn blessing to their offspring.

There were some notable cases of reformation brought about by the grace of the mission. A young couple had been leading a bad life, to the scandal of the neighborhood. The woman was induced to mend her ways, and persuaded her partner to seek for the blessing of the Church on their union. The pastor applied for a dispensation from the banns, and they were to be married at 5 o'clock, on Thursday afternoon. At 3 o'clock that day, the young woman called on the pastor to tell him they would have to postpone the marriage. "Why?" "He has been out of work, has been around to all his friends and can't borrow 50 cents to pay for a marriage license". The pastor supplied the necessary money, and they were united in lawful wedlock.

A more remarkable case occurred on Friday night, of the men's week. An old and notorious sinner, who had been forty years away from the Sacraments, came to the services, "just to please a friend". The sermon was on God's Mercy, and the preacher was eloquent. He pictured in burning language Christ's love for men, and His eager desire for the return of the wanderer. Little by little the man's heart was touched; till towards the end tears were seen to flow down his cheeks. "Oh!" he exclaimed afterwards, "I never thought I'd feel this way, but I couldn't stand that appeal".

The last Sunday of the mission was a record breaker.

You will remember that on November 24th, a terrific storm swept along the Atlantic coast. Philadelphia on that day received a most awful buffeting. The wind blew a gale all day long, accompanied with terrific sheets of rain. Towards evening snow began to fall, making walking difficult and dangerous. Here was a stormy outlook for the closing of the men's mission. Would they come? They did come, and we had two closings, one in the church, the other in the school hall. Gratifying, indeed, beyond our expectations.

RESULTS:

Confessions - - - - - -	4,500
Confirmations of adults -	32
Baptisms of adults - - -	9
First Communions - - -	25
Matrimony cases - - -	5

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., *St. Mary's of the Cataract, December 1-15.*—This was to be the last trip before Christmas. Fr. Casey and myself were appointed. There were many causes operating to make this the most remarkable mission it has been my happiness to participate in. It was an entirely new field; the Society's methods had never been tried there before. We were absolute strangers. Again, it had been several years since the last mission, and the field was ripe for the harvest. I may safely say, that in my few years' experience on the missions, I cannot recall anything like the scenes witnessed within the walls of St. Mary's of the cataract, during those two short weeks. The mission was indeed a remarkable spiritual demonstration, an awakening, an upheavel, and the 30,000 denizens of Niagara Falls, Catholics and protestants, yea, even infidels too, are not likely soon to forget the red letter dates, December 1st to 15th. Niagara Falls is famous now for the generating of electricity. Well, there was a large supply of electricity of a different order, generated during those days of grace. The people were taken by surprise; they awoke from their lethargy of years; they sat up and took notice; and when St. Ignatius got through with them, they began to realize that the end—all of existence is not sordid gain, nor forbidden fruit, that each had an immortal soul to save, and it was worth the saving, that their true home lies beyond where Christ dwells with His immortalized heroes.

Yes, St. Ignatius came to the town, opened the book of the Spiritual Exercises and revealed a horizon never dreamt of before. The people were hungry for the Word of God, and when it was put before them, they eagerly partook of the proffered food.

There are many fine Catholics in Niagara Falls, leading exemplary lives: Catholics who are daily giving glory to God and reflecting honor on His Church. But the city has the reputation of being a "hard town". In the first place it is a border town; but the principal reason why sin abounds is that over 600,000 visitors pass through the city every year. It is a sight-seeing, pleasure-seeking place. There are numerous hotels and many resorts,—some high, some low,—to supply material for past-time to the pleasure-loving.

Of course, the vast majority of the visitors come during the warmer months, and it was now winter. Still, the summer visitor leaves his impress on the place, and that is not always for good.

Fr. Casey and I left Philadelphia at 8.30 on Friday night, November 29th, and arrived in Niagara Falls Sunday morning about 9. After saying Mass we immediately began to arrange the details of the mission. The pastor here has been in the place only a year, and hence does not know the people thoroughly; but since his coming he has kept his eyes open, and from the results of his experience, gave us a somewhat gloomy outlook for a big mission. One of the curates said; that in his opinion 800 confessions was about the highest number that could be expected.

These, then, were the conditions we were called upon to face. Not very inspiring, let us admit, but we said, "wait and see".

It seems that the news of our arrival had travelled, for we had not been in the house three hours, when two reporters from the city papers called and begged for an interview. One of the young men is a Catholic, the other a protestant, but both were anxious to obtain all we were willing to give. Of course we supplied them with information about the nature of the work in hand, gave the order of time, and the different details of the mission. That evening, three papers came out with first-page notices describing the two Jesuits from New York, and what they hoped to accomplish "here in our beautiful city". They were partly right in the accounts they gave that evening; but the impression left from some of the reports, was, that the reporters had vivid imagina-

tions, and the proof-readers had not learned their trade; for some of the statements were untrue and some of the details were printed wrong. However, the reporters 'phoned us, that all this would be corrected in the next issue of the papers. For several evenings the three papers published accounts of the mission. But towards the middle of the week, the reporters stopped calling, and the notices ceased. No explanation was given, nor did we ask for one. More of this matter later on.

We waited Sunday night with anxiety, hoping for the best, determined not to be discouraged if the the gloomy forebodings held out to us became a reality. The services began at 7.30, and to the pastor's surprise and our joy, there was a fairly good crowd of women in the church. Next morning, too, at the Masses the attendance was quite satisfactory. But we felt that the number should be greater, and so we made use of every means known to us, to corral the absent ones of the flock. As the days wore on, our hopes seemed to be realized, for the attendance increased every evening, and when Friday night came the church was packed. People had begun to talk about the mission, the news spread, enthusiasm ran high, and those women who began with us Sunday, became each an aspostle, with the message, "Come and see".

But the first week of a mission is in great part only preparatory for what is to follow. It is comparatively easy to rouse women to fervor; sometimes, and oftentimes, hard to stir men. And we are told, it would be a particularly hard task, if not an impossible one, to stir these particular men.

One day, during the women's week, I was walking through the State Reservation grounds, when a police officer met me. "Father", he said, "I am glad I met you; let me say a few words. I have been a resident of Niagara Falls for many years, and I know the place. Don't be disappointed if you fail next week. You have a hard proposition before you. You have to deal here with a set of case-hardened men, who have neglected their religion for a long time, and I don't think you will be able to do much with them".

Well this was naturally a bit depressing. Very well, let us trust to God; it was His work. Let us pray and hope. But ah! happy conscience! the second week was to open on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and we committed the men to her care, and placed the mission under her protection. But, fainthearted creatures

that we are, I must confess, that if we looked forward to the first Sunday night with anxiety, it was with fear and trembling we waited for the second.

It came, and, let me record it with joy, there were by actual count, more men in the church on that second Sunday night, than there had been women on the same night a week before. The pastor's astonishment knew no bounds, and his cup of joy was full. What was the reason of it all? What had happened to cause such a marvel? Why, an earthquake had happened, or, better still, a shaft from a clear sky had fallen, and had shattered the long-existing prejudices, and apathy in the souls of men who called themselves Catholics, and others who had joined the ranks of the Church's antagonizing enemies.

It was all very good to see, very encouraging and inspiring, and a harbinger of great good to be accomplished. The little children and the women had done their duty well, for we had asked them to coöperate in the good work by their prayers and zeal, and we found many cases where their prayers and zeal had brought men to the mission who before had no intention of coming.

Now for a little matter of interest. I said above, that the accounts of the mission in the daily papers had suddenly ceased. During the instruction Sunday evening, Fr. Casey mentioned this fact to the men, and asked the reason why. He said we were not looking for advertisment, but that we wanted fair play. The Salvation Army and a meeting on Pure Food had received lengthy notices, and why were we Catholics ignored? It looked as though some people thought the mission was getting too much prominence, and had persuaded the editors to ignore it. Was this an A. P. A. town? Had protestant ministers the upper hand? Could bigoted editors afford to slight Catholics here? Fr. Casey talked for a few minutes in this strain, and it was seen that the men were impressed. Next day, the whole city talked about the affair, and some must have said a word or two to the editors, for that evening, and every evening after, glowing accounts appeared in the papers. And not only that, but the place of prominence was given to the mission; there were glaring headlines, striking comments, and the editors seemed to be anxious to make amends. All this was a bit sensational, perhaps, but the Catholics said they wanted justice,—and they got it.

But a Sunday night attendance is not the ultimate criterion of the success of a mission, especially of a men's

mission. The real test is the 5 o'clock Mass during the week. However, we felt no anxiety here. We knew that men who had made such a surprising beginning, were in earnest, and would carry on the good work in proper fashion. During all that week, there were 500 men at the early Mass, and a goodly number at the other Masses as well.

Father Casey and myself met a protestant on Monday morning, who said: "I hear you had a big crowd up at your church last night and this morning. Say, how do you do it? How do you get those men to come? I don't understand it; never expected such a thing in this town".

A fine Catholic gentleman, an agent of one of the railroads, came to me on Wednesday. I give his own words: "Let me tell you, Father, that you and Father Casey deserve great credit for what you have done. This is the biggest thing that has happened in Niagara Falls for many a year. You have got these men on the jump and nothing can stop them now".

The pastor and his two curates did noble work during the mission. Every day they visited some part of the parish, looking up delinquents, and many a man was brought to make the mission through their efforts.

Many protestants were noticed at the evening services, and I was told of a bigoted Methodist who went to 5 o'clock Mass one morning,—not for devotion's sake, but for proof positive. He had heard that those Catholics were coming out to Mass in the early morning hours, and refused to believe it. So he came to see for himself.

I was told also, that several protestant ministers from Canada, came to the exercises every night. They were noticed taking notes of the sermons.

On coming to Niagara Falls, we found that the only church society existing in the parish, was the League of the Sacred Heart, composed principally of women, and absolutely no association for the men. This would never do. We determined to establish sodalities for all. Accordingly, during the early part of the first week, the subject was put before the women. The nature of sodalities was explained, their advantages and vital necessity as a means of perseverance in the good resolutions of the mission. Every night something was said on this theme, till we felt assured they had grasped the idea. On Thursday evening, cards were issued, to be signed and brought back Friday, or sometime before the close of the mission. The result of our exhortation, reason-

ing and appeal, was, that there was organized a sodality of young ladies, 350 in number, and a Rosary and Altar Society for the married women of 300. New members of the League 600, with 47 new promotors.

During the men's week, the same methods were employed to start a Holy Name Society, and by Sunday night 450 men had registered their names.

We feel sure that these societies will not die through neglect, for the pastor and his curates were enthusiastic in the matter, and will devote themselves to the good cause.

In the meantime the Spiritual Exercises were working marvellous changes in the hearts of the men. The pastor said to me one day: "Father, the protestant element of this town is not laughing at our mission. I hear reports on every side, and I assure you the city is taken by surprise. There were some sneers in the beginning, but the sneers have given place to unwilling admiration. I like the methods of the Jesuits; there is nothing exaggerated about your talks. You speak the truth, you strike out from the shoulder, and you are hitting the men hard—but they like it".

A man began the mission;—every one was surprised to see him begin. Next morning a fellow workman said to him: "Well, what did you think of the sermon last night"? "Oh, I didn't sleep a wink all night. I couldn't get it out of my mind. That man seemed to be speaking straight at me. I wonder who told him what kind of life I have been leading"? Nobody told him. The missioner simply pleaded for God's rights, and told of the creatures' duties.

A protestant woman called on Fr. Casey, and said she wished to become a Catholic, and on being asked the cause of her conversion, replied: "I saw Black Jack T——— going to the mission and heard he made his confession, and I said, 'the Church that is able to change a man like that must be the true Church'. So here I am".

A very fine Catholic of the parish induced an old sinner to return to the fold; he had been leading a bad life for 31 years. This man became an apostle, for before the mission closed he brought in 7 more worse than himself.

Towards the end of the week, a prominent politician of the city was seen coming to the mission. Everyone was surprised, for he had given up all practice of religion. A friend asked, "Say, Jim, what hit you"? "My little girl hit me. She pleaded so hard that I couldn't

stay away. Had it not been for that child I would not be here to-night. Let's go to confession". And they did.

Fr. Casey had a good deal of difficulty with a young man, who was a Free Mason. He was of course told that in order to make the mission he must give up the society. The young man was well meaning enough and very good, but he had wrong ideas of things. "Father" he said, "I want to receive my Lord in Holy Communion and I can't see why I am forbidden. What harm is there in belonging to the Free Masons? Tell me what wrong they do"? He was told again that the Church condemns secret societies and that he must submit to her authority, or be excommunicated. Grace triumphed, and the young man submitted.

Another conversion was brought about in a very simple way. Out of curiosity a protestant attended the class of instruction. The Father happened to be speaking about the veneration of images and gave the clear doctrine of the Church in the matter. "Why", said the protestant, "all my life I believed Catholics worshipped these things, and that is why I never entered the Church". The man immediately placed himself under instruction for baptism.

A short conversation with a man of the city about this time, brought before my mind the impression the mission was making. The man called to see me about some difficulty. Before leaving he said: "Father, I have not been able to attend the mission exercises on account of my work, but I have heard the men in the shop talking about the mission; they told me what you Fathers have been saying during the week. My eyes have been opened. I have gone far enough. I must stop and reform my life. I shall be around Saturday night for confession".

It is not usual to have a class of instruction when there are only two Fathers conducting the mission. But conditions here required a class. We could not conduct it ourselves, for all our time was occupied with other matters. So one of the curates consented to do the work, and as he is a zealous priest we felt sure that the work would be well done. At first very few joined the class, but as it is an important factor of our missions, we made it one of our chief announcements every night, speaking earnestly of its importance and urging all who had not made their First Communion, nor had been confirmed, to join the class. Invitation was also extended

to non-Catholics to come, at least to listen, if not to become Catholics. Every night progress was reported.

It is our custom to have Confirmation at the end of the mission. The pastor did not take kindly to this at first; he wanted more time to prepare for the Sacrament. But I insisted, told him that if he put these people off now, he might lose them altogether. Finally he yielded and asked Bishop Colton if he would come for Confirmation. The good Bishop was delighted and consented to come on the last Sunday of the mission. When the people learned that a definite day had been decided upon, they came in numbers for instruction, so that when the Bishop arrived we had 80 adults to present for the Sacrament of Confirmation. The function took place at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, due announcement having been made. The church was thronged, many present being protestants, all eager to witness the unusual spectacle of men and women of advanced age receiving Confirmation. The Bishop was deeply impressed.

On Thursday of the second week, I noticed that the housekeeper was very busy about many things. She said she "expected company for dinner". The good pastor with graceful courtesy had prepared a surprise for us. At dinner that day, there were present two Carmelite Fathers from the Hospice in Canada, Fr. Conroy, C. M., president of Niagara University, two Polish priests and the pastor of the neighboring parish. Towards the end of the meal, Fr. Scullin arose and in a few choice words told how glad he was to see the representatives of several different Orders gathered around his table. He spoke of his joy at the good work done during the mission, paid a glowing tribute to the Society, and said he hoped she would send her sons often to the Buffalo diocese for work of this kind.

Some one has said to me: "I suppose you will give us a description of Niagara Falls". No, that can be obtained in any guide book. The tourist from Kentucky, when climbing the Alps was asked for his opinion of them. He said: "The Alps are a success". Let a like criticism suffice in this case. The Falls are a success.

Instead of a description of the Falls, let me describe a man I met at the Falls. It was the last day of the mission, and, having a few moments to spare, I went down to take a last look at this marvellous work of nature. This man met me and said: "Say, mister, are you one of those revivalists from New York?" "Not guilty", was

the reply. "I am not a revivalist, but a Catholic missioner". "Oh! no offense, but that is what we call them. I am a Baptist". "Why are you a Baptist?" I said. "Because that is what the Lord was, and I want to be like the Lord". I found the man to be quite ignorant, but well intentioned and eager to learn. I explained briefly to him the doctrines of Christ and brought him back to the church with me, and gave him a copy of "Catholic Belief". He said he would read it carefully and if convinced would enter the Church. "But", he said, "I won't do anything without consulting the Lord, for I lean on the Lord always. Farewell, sir, and I hope when the angel sounds his trumpet you and I shall meet at the great roll call beyond". "No doubt about it", I said, "we shall be there. But in the meantime you want to get in the right boat".

A former pupil of Fr. Casey's at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, is an official in the employ of the Niagara Falls Power Company. He kindly offered to obtain permission for us to visit the place. In the company of a guide we visited every part of the establishment, and got some notion of how Niagara Falls is "harnessed". Down we went 183 feet under ground, heard the fearful in-rushing of the waters upon the turbines, saw the governors, generators, thrust bearings and switchboards; perceived the awful deadly power all around us, and came out again to God's sunlight, thankful that we were still alive.

The mission was drawing to a close. I have said that the three evening papers of the city gave extensive accounts every day of the work being done. We were surprised at this. But surprise gave way to astonishment when on Saturday the "Niagara Falls Gazette" appeared with quite a lengthy editorial about the mission. I quote part of it: "Two weeks of a most remarkable mission conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at St. Mary's church, will be brought to a close to-morrow night. Some idea of the unusual interest that this series of meetings has awakened is afforded by the large attendance, and liberal support that the movement here has experienced. To bring out, on an average, between 700 and 800 men a night and as many as 500 to early services at 5 o'clock in the morning, bespeaks an awakening of religious fervor, that augers much for the spiritual welfare of the community. No matter what faith a person may profess, such a manifestation as this must have the effect of a wholesome lesson.

The Jesuit Fathers Coyle and Casey, who are conducting the mission here, have successfully devoted themselves to the conversion of God's people to his standard for a number of years, and their efforts have been productive of great good. Here, in Niagara Falls, the revival has no exception to the rule, and the teaching and direction of souls will bring reward. The particular purpose of the mission at St. Mary's, has been the conservation of Catholic thought and education, the exhortation of man to a proper fear of the Lord, and the great need of a life of rectitude and righteousness. Many non-Catholics have listened to the sermons and enjoyed them. It does no one harm to listen to the word of God, no matter whose lips may utter it or what may be the denomination of the preacher of the divine gospel".

Fr. O'Donovan had sent 500 copies of the Sacred Heart Calendar and asked me to make known to the people this exquisite and eminently useful little work. We did so and disposed of all. The good folks of Niagara Falls were delighted with them.

Everything was in readiness for the closing scene of the last act of the great drama that had been in progress for seven days. There was a great snowstorm all day Sunday, but that was of no consequence, causing no uneasiness to us who had been so fearful one week before. How different the calm of to-day from the anxiety experienced such a short while ago. How many a heart had found peace, how many a conscience set at rest, how many a soul reconciled to its Maker. Those men would have faced any storm to be present at the closing of their mission. They began to come early, and by 7.30 the church was filled. It was a glorious sight to behold, these men with their serious, earnest faces, yet so happy the while. Each man as he entered the church approached the tables where the religious articles were kept, and all purchased crucifixes, beads, scapulars and prayer books to be blessed at the end of the mission services. I happened to be there for a few minutes. A young fellow, with his hands filled with these articles of devotion, said to me: "Father, I feel happy to-night, and I am anxious to see you, for I know it will make you feel happy to know it. I used to be a great swearer, but since the mission began I have 'cut it out' ". Another said: "Say, Father, I have not committed a mortal sin this week. Don't you think that's fine?" "Fine", I replied, "keep it up".

These little incidents are only indicative of the spirit that ruled the men at the closing of their mission. They had done well, God bless them! Their fervor was warm; their intentions were of the best, and they were there that night to tell God, His angels and the world that they meant to persevere in well-doing. And so when they stood up to renew their baptismal promises, it was a sight to remember. Determination written in their faces, with hands uplifted, they uttered in loud, clear tones, the ratification of those solemn promises made for them years before when the saving water was poured over them. I saw tears in the eyes of many a strong man that night. There was no doubt about the meaning of that assembly. It was the fixed resolve of an army on the eve of battle. They were determined to conquer, but they themselves had been conquered.

RESULTS:

Confessions - - -	2,150
Baptisms - - - -	21
First Communions - -	19
Marriage Cases - -	12
Confirmation - - -	80
Young Ladies' Sodality -	350
Rosary and Altar Society	300
League of the Sacred Heart	600
New Promotors - -	48
Holy Name Society - -	450

THE ASSEMBLING

The Fall term had ended, and in the good judgement of Superiors, it was thought advisable to call a meeting of the Mission Band. Accordingly, each Father received notice to report at Keyser Island, on the feast of the Holy Innocents. The object of the meeting was: 1st. The visitation of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial: 2nd. to give an opportunity to the Fathers of meeting one another: 3rd. an interchange of views and plans of work.

It was the first meeting of the kind in the history of the Mission Band; nor, I am told, had it ever happened that the whole Band had been assembled together at one time. It was a memorable event. Of course, such an occasion called for the presence of Fr. Himmel; it would be incomplete without him. He was invited and kindly consented to come.

At 9 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial gave the Visitation Exhortation, after which Fr. Himmel joined us. Then followed the conference, Fr. Provincial presiding, which lasted two hours. Topics of general interest in mission work were discussed, each one offering suggestions as seemed good to him. Here Fr. Himmel's experience was invaluable, as no one knows the traditions of the Mission Band, or understands the spirit of mission work, better than he. To him always was made the ultimate appeal.

Several new suggestions were offered: 1st. Should we have a class of instruction when there are only two Fathers conducting a mission? 2nd. Should the blessing of babies be given at missions? 3rd. Should we have the Holy Hour on the Saturday night of each week of the mission? The last two points were decided in the affirmative. The first point in the affirmative also, when there is reason to believe that one of the resident priests will take sufficient interest in the class.

The idea of our meeting together in this fashion, was a happy one; and I am sure it did us all good to see each other, to hear each other, and to profit by each others experience. When shall we ten meet again?

And now I am completely done.

Devotedly yours in Xt.

WM. H. COYLE, S. J.

OUR MISSION ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—

A great deal has been said and written about converting Blackwell's Island into a public park. However this may be, it is no immediate concern of mine, but, inas much as I am at present engaged in converting, or trying to convert the poor unfortunate members of humanity who, by force of circumstance, find their way here, I thought it might be of interest to the members of the society, to have an insight of the missionary work, as carried on in the different institutions of this well known Island.

I have charge of three institutions:—the Almshouse, the Workhouse, and the Metropolitan Hospital. In the first mentioned institution, there are at present, over three thousand inmates, of which number about twenty-five hundred are Catholic (?). The workhouse contains about seventeen hundred prisoners, (1,100 men, and 600 women). There are about seven hundred patients in the metropolitan hospital, and tuberculosis infirmary, which is an adjunct of the metropolitan hospital, has a census of seven hundred men, and about two hundred women. With this population of unfortunates, really a city of misery in itself, and figuring that 75 per cent. are of the faith, you can readily see what an immense field for missionary work is here at hand. The consumption hospital alone is enough to keep any one priest busy. When a sick call comes from this institution, I always realize that now there is really "something doing". The call may be for one individual, but when I look around me, I generally find others who need my ministration. On many occasions, I have administered the last sacraments to as many as twenty dying persons at a time. Most all the patients of this department are in the last stages of consumption, and it is nothing unusual to hear of forty or fifty dying in one week. In the midst of all this misery and sadness, it is consoling to see so many souls passing into eternity, fortified by the last sacraments of the church; the majority of whom have not been to confession in many years. They are of all nationalities:

French, German, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Greek, Italian, and even Japanese—and Irish, or of Irish descent. They have the faith, and that is about all. They have all made their first communion, but many have not been to confession since. In my experience, in attending these poor unfortunates, and in trying to get them to place their trust in God, I find most of them well disposed.

There is not so much difficulty in reaching the Irish; the German element is stubborn; but the French must really be handled with "kid gloves", so to speak. Many of them are out and out infidels; either bad, or very good, and the saying, "Either Hell or Heaven for the Frenchmen", is always forcibly brought to mind, in my dealings with this race of people.

One's ingenuity, at times, is taxed to the utmost in trying to bring some of these people around to their christian sense of duty, and I think it might be well to cite here a few cases in point.

Not long ago, I was called to see an inmate of the Almshouse, an aged man.

After a little conversation on general topics of the day, I asked him how long it was since he made his last confession, and he told me it was fifty-seven years. "I am so glad you have come to see me", he said: "I have been troubled, and worrying ever since my last confession". (I rather thought that this statement was true). I heard his confession, and gave him holy communion, and with a smile on his face that spoke wonders, he said; "Father, I am now happy",—and I am sure he spoke the truth.

While on this subject of neglect of duty, I might mention, that last year, during the Pascal season, I made an especial appeal from the altar, exhorting all to make their Easter duty; that the Holy Catholic Church imposed this obligation on each and every one of us, under pain of mortal sin. I particularly called the attention of these delinquents, to the happiness they would experience by living up to this obligation; and I told them, I was sure there were many who had neglected their duties, perhaps for years. Why this neglect? What were they afraid of? The priest is not going to scold you, I said. He is only here in the place of God, the good and all merciful judge, who is ever willing, and eager to forgive the really repentant sinner; who promised peace, and consolation, to those who lived a good and upright christian life, and that to accomplish this end, the frequenting of the sacrament of penance was essential.

The result of this appeal brought many a hardened soul to the confessional. Ten were there who had not been to confession for over fifty years. When I asked one why he had come, he told me, he could not resist the appeal, and the promise of that peace, and contentment which the world cannot give.

I have heard some of our missionaries relate stories of their experiences with hardened sinners, who had remained away from confession for a long period of years; but here on the Island, I have come across individuals who have never even dreamt, nor much less heard of missionary bands, going around in the different parishes of the country, endeavoring to bring back to Holy Mother Church, just such sinners as had become entirely indifferent to things religious, and who had been looked upon by their pastors as non-Catholics. To give you an instance. Now, do not think that I am exaggerating; nor do I wish to recall anything like the story given by one of the missionary band, who told a large assemblage of children, the amount of good they could accomplish by praying for their parents, brothers, etc., mentioning the case of a man who had been away from his duties for seventy years; when one of the little girls in the first pew looked up at the good Father, and said: "Oh, come off". But what I am going to relate is a fact.

Not so very long ago, I was called to see a patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, who had not been to confession in *seventy-six years.*

He was an intelligent man, intensely Irish, having taken an active part in all the public movements of his time; the Repeal movement, under Daniel O'Connell, the Temperance movement, under Father Matthew, and the Charters, or English movement, under Fergus O'Connor. The stories which he told me of his part in each of these movements were very interesting and amusing, and to be fully appreciated it would be necessary for you to have heard him relate them in his own peculiar and inimitable way. Of course I listened with interest, and patience, ever recalling to mind the motto of our Holy Father Ignatius, "It is good to enter the door of your patient, and then lead him into your own door". When he was through with his narrative, I said; "Well, Mr. N—— you have gone through many hardships, and the object of your work was to help, and to do good to others. Don't you think it is about time to do something for yourself"?

I impressed him with the idea that he was close on the brink of the grave, and he would soon have to give an accounting of his life to the "Supreme Judge". At first he was unwilling to make his peace with God, even going so far as to deny the very existence of a Supreme Being; but after a few moments conversation with him, and asking him to pray to the Holy Ghost for enlightenment, which he promised to do, he finally came to the conclusion to do something for himself, realizing as he now did, that his time was short in this world.

He soon made his second confession. I gave him instructions on the Blessed Sacrament, and soon thereafter he received our Lord in Holy Communion for the first time. I then anointed him, and bestowed the last blessing. He seemed perfectly happy. A few days after he died. R. I. P.

Besides looking after the spiritual welfare of the patients, the prisoners, and the poor, there are seven or eight hundred employees on the Island, who come under my care. These also have to be looked after, and in order to keep their minds fixed on things spiritual, I must use every means to keep them interested in the higher life. Last year I started a Lenten course of sermons, which were given every Thursday evening, at the Metropolitan Hospital chapel, by the Fathers of St. Peter's College, Jersey City.—This year, the course was given by the Fathers from St. Francis' Xaviers Church, West 16th street, New York City. These sermons were a great success; the chapel was always crowded at such times, and you cannot imagine what an immense amount of good was done in this way alone.

On the first Friday of each month, I have Mass of exposition, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, for the employees, and on these days there are as many as eighty to one hundred, who receive holy communion.

I could go on at great length, in telling you of the many good deeds and sacrifices, which my good people make; how the poor cripples almost crawl to the chapel to assist at the Holy sacrifice of the Mass; how the blind lead the blind to be there also, and how most of them consider it almost a sin to remain away from their "beads" in the afternoon, which are recited in common after supper every day of the year. But I am certain that on this subject you are well informed, as it has been told to you by others before.

These then, are the things which encourage, and stimulate, and lead one on to make greater efforts in behalf of these poor unfortunates.

In conclusion I wish to say a few words about the new church which is building here, and which I can assure you is very urgently needed. Next Fall we expect to worship therein, and in making plans for the same, I have given every consideration to the necessities of the aged, and infirm. The entrance will be on a level with the sidewalk, so those who use wheel-chairs can easily enter; this is an impossibility at the present time. Also there will be confessionals built in the walls, for the convenience of the deaf or those nearly so afflicted.

An idea has gone abroad that the Municipality is erecting this edifice. Such however is not the case. Not one penny has the City given in connection with the building of this house of God, and when you realize that my congregation is composed of the penniless, the halt, the lame, and the blind, you can readily see that through the effort of good, and faithful christian friends, the church is an accomplished fact, and when completed, will be free of debt. I attribute this success wholly to the earnest prayers of my poor unfortunate charges. I assure you they have prayed most earnestly. I sincerely solicit your prayers also, and of those who may happen to read these lines, and beg to remain,

Yours in Xto.,

M. A. NOEL, S. J.

OUR FATHERS IN THE DUNGEONS OF SAN JULIAN

The following is a brief account of the prison life of the Jesuits confined by Pombal, in the dungeons of San Julian, Lisbon, at the time of the suppression of the Society in Portugal.[1]

At a recent sale of books in Lisbon, our fathers purchased, among other works, some five or six Mss., one of which is a narrative of the prison life of the Jesuits buried by Pombal in the famous dungeons of San Julian, Lisbon. Written in a quaint, simple style, and interesperced with passages full of quaint humor, the narrative is peculiarly interesting in its description of the efforts made by the fathers, to preserve some semblance of community life.

During the first two years of their imprisonment, the strictness and severity with which they were guarded, prevented any attempt at inter-communication; they did not even know the numbers or names of their fellow prisoners; each had his own cell and any attempt to stir hand or foot outside its precincts, or even to linger near the door, in the hope of hearing or seeing something of the outer world, was enough to draw down on one the rough treatment of the warders. After a time, however, they began to invent means of communication with one another, and then began a series of devices which must have driven the poor jailers to the verge of insanity, as they found each successive measure to keep the prisoners within bounds failed by the inventive powers of the Jesuits.

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[1] For this interesting and valuable document, we are indebted to the writer of the subjoined note.

I am forwarding a manuscript containing a brief account of the prison life of the Jesuits, confined by Pombal, in the dungeons of San Julian, Lisbon. I came across this document for the first time some years ago, at St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg, the present Novitiate of the Irish Province. Since then I have perused more than one book dealing with the same subject, but in none of those which I have read, do I find the interesting details contained in the present account. It is owing to the kindness of the Master of Novices, that I am able to forward it to you. Quite recently, I applied to him for a copy of this document, with a view to getting it into print and thereby bringing it to the notice of a larger circle of members of the Society. He had it copied out and sent me on the original. I send it on to you, in the hope that, if you think it would interest and edify your readers, you will have it published in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

TIMOTHY HALPIN, S. J.

The first device was the obvious one of writing; they had no pens and no ink, and bits of wood charred in the flame of their lamps had to do duty for both; their note paper was scraps torn from the edges of the leaves of their books, and their postman, individuals whom our author calls "the boys", probably the children of the jailers. To the smuggling intrepidity of "the boys" the fathers are soon indebted for "real pens"; which, however, at first serve only to create an ardent desire for ink. Necessity is the mother of invention, and soon a beautiful ink is produced, made from the lampblack collected by condensation over the flame of the lamp. But even this happiness, little as it was, did not last long. Some of the notes fell into the hands of the authorities, who were all the more enraged because, being written in cipher, they were unable to read them. The boys were subjected to frequent searches and prevented from ever approaching the cells to receive or pass notes under the doors, and thus for awhile inter-communication was, to a great extent, suspended. While waiting for some "happy thought" to suggest some other postman, their chief expedient was to conceal the notes in the cane handles of the brooms, which were supplied for sweeping their cells. Sooner or later came the "happy thought", and happy thought it was. There was a cat that eked out a scanty subsistence on the crumbs that fell from the Jesuits tables. Notes tied round her neck would be conveyed from one cell to another, for the doors were left open during the dinner hour. In the darkness of these underground vaults there was not much fear of detection, but the difficulty was to make sure that the note should be conveyed to the proper cell. Edison has never worked harder to perfect his electric inventions than did the Father, who discovered the latent powers of that cat. For hours he used to sit in a brown study with his eyes fixed on poor Puss, who sat at his feet blinking up at him, in a vain appeal for her dinner.

At last a glad Eureka! breaks the silence of the Father's cell; the missing link is discovered, and, like all great inventions, it is very simple: The cat comes for her dinner and receives a note instead. With this, and without her dinner, she very wisely tries elsewhere. Off she trots to Fr. Fulano, who looks at the address of the note. If it is not for him, Puss finds no dinner there, and must apply elsewhere, until at length she hits on the right man and gets her dinner. We are left to imagine the gradual developement and perfection of the system. She

would probably, in the course of time, have many a note to carry, and leave before she got her dinner at the last house of call. But we are told of the fathers anxiety when she disappeared for a couple of days, notes and all, and of their joy at her return with the notes undetected. At last she disappeared for ever. We are told nothing of her fate, but we may hope she died a natural death, as the imprisonment of the fathers was long enough to outlive even her nine lives.

After the decease of the cat, the prisoners for a time had recourse to the rather hackneyed expedient of wall-rapping. Of course an alphabet had to be agreed upon; no easy matter where inter-communication was so difficult. But at last long knocks, short knocks, a succession of knocks and combination of knocks formed a kind of Morse telegraphic alphabet. But as the distance between the cells was in many cases very considerable, the knocking with large stones, had to be pretty loud and soon led to suspicions that the fathers were mining their way out under the walls. The consequences were frequent and sudden descents of the authorities, "domiciliary visits", and searches for mining implements. As for reasons which we shall see later, it was desirable to sacrifice everything to avoid such visits, wall rapping came to an untimely end.

Their next device gave them an opportunity of practicing what the 11th rule says about "stulti haberi et exestimari", though perhaps not "nulla per eos data occasione". Having constructed little cane whistles or pipes, probably out of the "above mentioned" broom-handles, though our author says nothing,—they substituted sound for noise. At first their music gave rise to no graver suspicion, than that Pombal was succeeding, and that the jail was fast turning into a lunatic asylum. A little fault, however, may have grave consequences, impatience may well be called a little fault in such a prison life, but it brought the whistles to an end. One Father had telegraphed, or rather had whistled to another for the loan of a book. A jailer consented to convey it to its destination. Of course he did not do so, and of course both fathers knew by telegraph of his infidelity. Though questioned several times by the sender, he always assured him that he had delivered it, thinking that as the two cells were very far apart, discovery was impossible. One day the poor father lost patience, and betrayed his knowledge of the untruth. Of course the whistles were suspected, and taken up. This time it became known that

the fathers had managed to hear some news of the outer world. Like the pens already mentioned, the few items of news they heard had been smuggled in by "the boys". But it cost the prisoners dear. The strictness of their confinement was increased considerably. Up to this, partly with a view to ventilation, the doors of their cells were left open during the hour dinner was being served; from this time forward they were only open for the few minutes necessary to pass things in or out. This set the fathers thinking, whether means could not be found to pick the locks. After a few trials some found that they possessed a remarkable talent for this line of business. With no better materials than long nails extracted from trunks, stones for hammer and anvil, and their lamps for a furnace, they forged substitutes for keys. Others noticed that one of the warders who was very expiditious in his work,—on the more haste less speed principle—used to turn the key and take it out so rapidly, that the spring or latch had not time to fall, and that hence the bolt, being only half shot, could be easily shoved back. To make sure that this would happen always they fastened with wax, little slips of wood to the latch, and by means of a string passing thence into the interior of the cell, they could easily hold up the latch, while the warders shot the lock.

But the manufacture of keys was by no means all that was necessary. To be of use they should be *silent* and *rapid* in action. For there was evidently no venturing out of one's cell, unless in case of a surprise or sudden descent of the warders one could get back again quickly, lock one's door, and at a moments notice leave all things as they were. These two difficulties surmounted, at odd times by day and oftener still by night, they could steal out and meet once more, and talk by articulated sounds and not by whistles. Above all they could go to confession; this was the greatest happiness of all. What other uses they made of this hard-earned liberty, we shall see later. But over all their joy hung the shadow of the fear of a surprise. How many an hour of recreation, or class, or study, was brought to an end as suddenly as ever the bell in olden times used to bring them to an end. A rat, or a gust of wind, at the end of the long dark galleries, was enough to cause the fathers "leaving the letter unfinished", to make for their cells at a pace that would have surprised many who knew the dignified missioners and professors of former days. Some relief in this matter soon came from an unexpected

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quarter—from the cats. Several of the fathers reared and kept cats in their cells, and these, like the poor fathers themselves, were glad of an airing. Experience soon taught them, however, that the advent of a jailer was a signal for betaking themselves to their rooms, if they did not want to be locked out, and thus the "flight of the cats" came to be the fathers warning that a warder was approaching. But Puss' velvet paw is noiseless, and so the warning was of no use at night. A friend to keep "nix" was soon found, however, or rather made with a few bones! It was a little dog. He soon came to know the fathers and allow them to go their ways unchallenged, but any intruders from abroad, be they jailers or be they not, were received with "a deep mouthed welcome", that was very welcome indeed to the fathers. But, alas! poor doggie was no politician of the days of Pombal. He was suspected of being a "friend of the Jesuits" and paid the penalty of high treason at the hands of the jailers. Meantime, the number of those who were able to leave their cells, grew daily greater until at last they were surprised. Many got safely back to their cells, but some were caught, and the result was a general visitation of the cells, and the confiscation of all the keys and instruments. Bolts, too, on the *outside* of the doors were adopted, but it was all in vain. The inventive powers of the prisoners were being developed by long practice, and they simply laughed at each new precaution of the warders, and set to work to see who would be the first to perfect the next invention. The next device after the seizure of the keys, owes its origin to an Englishman. It was a means of so loosening one of the doorposts, that it could be taken out and be returned to its place silently and at a moment's notice. Many who were deterred by the consequences of previous detection—we are not told what they had been—could at least open their doors for ventilation and even ventured out of their cells to go to Mass on days of 'General Communion'. For, about this time we find them managing to get smuggled in the necessaries for Mass, and there were little altars in not a few of the cells. Mass and Communion, however, were a happiness that brightened only the last few years of their imprisonment, in which some little communication with the outer world was established.

Such then were their efforts to secure some little "liberty in jail", and opportunities of observing common life. The second part of the Mss. is devoted to a description of their mode of Community life. It was, we

are told, in everything possible, such as it had been in the houses and colleges of the Society. The hour of meditation every morning, the two examens and even Litanies—on the whistles!!—with the fixed hours for recreation and hours of silence, all was as though the jail had been a college. Hours of study, too, there were for those that had books, the others giving themselves to prayer. "They practiced", says our author, "many and extraordinary daily penances, in fasting and mortification, seeking to suffer even more in that place where all the scenes were a continual mortification. For in this they found much consolation and were always cheerful and contented by the special mercy of God". With regard to study it is most interesting to see what they were able to do in the face of such difficulties. Some devoted themselves to writing books, others to translating, and many to the study of mathematics, philosophy and Theology.

For these latter, as soon as they succeeced in opening the doors, they used to have the regular examinations, so that their years of imprisonment might not be lost time, if they ever got out again. These examinations and public acts were conducted with all possible solemnity and splendor. One of the cells was cleaned out and converted into an "aula"; they carried thither their benches and stools and turned their quilts into curtains, tapestry and carpets. One of the scholastics of a more lively disposition, dressed himself up as beadle, with snow-white wand, as is the custom in the Universities, and solemnly introduced the president, who was seated in a chair, with the defendant at his feet. All was brilliantly illuminated with their little cell lamps. It was like a comedy, but it was serious enough for the defendant, whom the objectors did not spare.

Degrees and approbations were conferred on the deserving, in view of possible utility, if they should ever be free to work again in the colleges. Many devoted themselves to the study of languages, as there were amongst the prisoners men of every country in Europe. They tried, too, to learn the languages of the native barbarious tribes amongst whom many had been missionaries, and thus there were nearly all the "faculties" of a University in that subterranean college. For although, to use the words of our author, "their chief study was virtue and patience and the art of dying well, yet in so many years they managed to acquire nearly all the arts and sciences". The faculty of medicine was not absent,

for there were doctors amongst them, and some good apothecaries, for instance the famous Fr. John Baptist Koffler, who for his medical skill was "so esteemed and loved by the king of Cochin China"

We may fitly conclude in the touching words of our author:—"And so they lived and hoped for death rather than liberty, of which they had so little hope; for they knew the ill will Sebastian Joseph bore them, who held them there so many years, buried alive without ever telling them why he kept them in those subterranean caves. They were never accused or examined, nor did the minister even seek to know if they had any account to give of themselves, or anything to complain of. There was no one to provide for them, or to intercede for them; for it was a crime of the first magnitude to speak or urge any petition in favor of "The Jesuits", and in very deed it was a matter of much danger.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MISSIO CASTRENSIS

At the close of schools in the middle of March, 1907, Father Superior, (Father Mir), thought it well that two American Fathers, should visit the soldiers' post, in Southern Mindanao. All the American soldiers are in the Moro or Southern Province; which, however, intersects Misamis on the North: hence there are important camps northwards, between Lake Lamas and the sea.

As I was free two weeks sooner than my companion, (Father Finegan), I started alone, having telegraphed to him at Manila that I would wait for him in Zamboanga. It takes two nights and a day to reach this town, the steamer touching land only at Overton for an hour or two on the way On the *Belgika* were six or seven boys from the Ateneo, in Manila, who came up in the most cordial manner, to kiss my hand and talk. One of them was the son of a wealthy Chinese merchant, named Barrios, in Zamboanga. His mother is a Filipina. One of the first things this handsome little mestizo did on reaching home after visiting the Fathers, was to receive Holy Communion, he being a member of Our Lady's Sodality. Another fellow-passenger was young Mandi, son of the Rajah, to whom the Moros from Zamboanga to Daysitan owe allegiance. The Rajah, who was also aboard, is to all appearances an ordinary Filipino planter. He pointed out, as we passed, the long, rolling hills

of his dominion; and spoke of the Subanos, or related Moros, many of whom, he said, were baptized, but now unfortunately abandoned. Rajah Mandi's son is a Catholic; and another son, a good-looking little fellow of fourteen years, who will go to the Ateneo this year, will soon be baptized.

Zamboanga, the capitol of the Moro province and of Mindanao, is the most Americanized place I have seen out of Manila: it is, I believe, relatively, even more American than Manila. There is American bustle and activity everywhere. American "cheek", too; in hard superciliousness it out—Herods Herod. I had been accustomed to make friends with Americans everywhere I met them; but Zamboanga was decidedly chilly, notwithstanding its nearness to the equator. After awhile, however, one found hearts beneath the crust. I am inclined to think that it is the military element which gives Zamboanga its sternness, or insolence. I was desirous to make friends; but they were, decidedly, the "hardest" lot of citizens I had yet encountered. Individually, I found the enlisted men good-hearted fellows. Those who came to see me and who came to confession gave me a great deal of pleasure. Of the kindness of the officers, too much cannot be said: to them, as far as I met them, I may apply, in all sincerity, the word *fraternal.*

The native people of Zamboanga all speak Spanish, and are naturally Spanish in their ways. They are the most cordial of Filipinos: everybody, in the streets, and on the roads outside the town, salutes the Padre with reverential affection. They are extremely good Catholics, too, I had an opportunity of noticing, during Holy Week, for I had all the services in the church.

Owing to its central position with regard to the Moro population, Zamboanga is a strong garrison town. It contains at present about 300 soldiers. Besides these, the population numbers a thousand Chinamen, a large Moro element, and probably three or four thousand Filipinos—Visayans, Tagalos, &c., and their descendants.

My first visit to the soldiers was at the spick-and-span military hospital. This is in the old Spanish Fort Pilar, designed, like so many others, by a Jesuit missionary. The physicians in charge were cordial politeness. The two American nurses were Catholics, and soon did their Easter duty. There were soldiers of various races and mixed descent, all quite approachable, as they are always in the hospital. Before leaving, a young New Yorker of the hospital corps, urged me

to see the cook, a soldier, too; because, he said, he was a very good Catholic. This latter was born in Canada, of a French-Canadian mother, and brought up in what he called "the old country" by his Irish father.

I next visited the military reservation, which is a continuation of the town. It resembles a trim New England village. The wide shaded lawn between the houses, which is the drilling-ground of the soldiers, is intersected by the canal, which supplies Zamboanga with water, brought down by a Jesuit pioneer from the Tumaga river in the hills. I went to see the colonel in command of the post, who immediately promised to do all he could to facilitate my work. Two Irish soldiers, men advanced in years, accompanied me through the quarters, in order to see the sergeants and talk with some of the men. This was unattractive work. The Cassock, Spanish hat, and rosary were an unusual sight, and, apparently, not very welcome. I had arranged to meet the Catholic men after guard-mount, next day—about half-past nine o'clock—in their reading room. The adjutant had the church call sounded; but only five or six responded. Some explained to me afterwards that they thought this the ordinary church-call of the protestant chaplain. I visited the rifle-range, about four or five miles away, where a company was stationed for practice; but I experienced as little cordiality as before. There was, however, some consolation. A dozen young soldiers—Irish, Irish-American, and German-American—came promptly to confession at the church when they heard I was there. They were delighted when I gave them rosaries and scapulars. A number of young Americans, also—some of them Georgetown College men— in the employment of the government, approached the Sacraments. A lieutenant of constabulary, who had been wounded a short time before in the fight at Tucuran, came in four miles, fasting late in the morning, to receive Holy Communion. He begged me to hold a service at the prison on Sunday, because a protestant minister had been going amongst the prisoners. The Zamboangeños, too, came to confession in crowds, packed around the confessional in such a way that it required much good-will to avoid hearing what was confessed. Mrs. General Bliss, her daughter, the general's aide, and the latter's wife, after witnessing the procession on Good Friday afternoon, paid a visit to the Padre Americano. A few days afterwards, General Bliss, who is Governor of the Moro province and com-

mander of the soldiers in Mindanao, returned from Palaman, and accorded me the favor of a most pleasant interview. He was much pleased with Father Semmes, but thought he would be better placed in Zamboanga; where there is no English-speaking priest, and where so much good could be done amongst the soldiers and others. During his conversation, the General said that he wished the Filipinos to continue in their religion in which they had been brought up; he desired, he said, to show still more if possible than he had done this favour to the Church, and even to subsidise the Catholic schools if we would guarantee that they would be kept up to the standard. He proposed a formation of a committee to regulate this important matter, and asked me to give him the address of our Father Superior, in order to explain the matter to him. General Bliss will not allow any Aglipayano propaganda throughout his Moro province.

From Zamboanga, I went to Joló, within six degrees of the equator. The island of Joló has the most hostile and fanatical Moro population in the Philippines. Here almost solely, now appear the *juramentados*. The dead body of one was lying in the market on the morning I got in. He attempted to kill three American soldiers the evening before, and fell himself, pierced by fifteen or twenty bullets. His case was a sad one. He had been wronged by a Filipino in his dearest and most sacred family relations; and after futile, and probably foolish, appeals for justice, took the matter into his own hands. In consequence of the *juramentado's* appearance, everybody in Joló went armed. I had to go outside the walls in a day or two to bless the graves in the cemetery; and after passing the American guard at the gate, my Chinese host, Captain Tiana, called two Moro policemen, who, with gleaming guns—very old-fashioned ones, I believe— accompanied us all the way. Later on, I had to go out again on a sick-call on my own account; but there seemed to be no danger.

The town of Joló, capitol of the island, is like the republic of Andoma: you can, almost literally, stand in the middle and breathe over the walls. It is full of American soldiers—drilling in the streets, driving military wagons, &c.,—unapproachable, except the officers, because, perhaps, they felt they were on hostile ground. I became acquainted with the orphan son of an Irish Captain, whose mother, an Episcopalian, was bringing him up in his father's faith—little Jimmy Nolan, a real

little man and a gentleman. Jimmy volunteered to come with me to the administration building, in order to see the colonel. After my experience in Zamboanga, I was convinced that the mock-modesty would never do amongst the soldiers; so I marched up through the enlisted men, chatting with my young companion, as if I had been the intimate friend of the commander-in-chief. My unconcern was utterly unreal, but it had an excellent effect. I laughingly told a little knot of soldiers, that I had come to hear their confessions; and immediately one manful young trooper said, that he wanted to come, and would arrange to bring his companions. He kept his word. Here as elsewhere, the officers were most friendly—ready to do anything possible to help us. About fifty men and officers came to confession, and about the same number of Filipinos. During four days here, I had twenty-two baptisms and eight marriages. Three couples were half-an-hour late; and my congregation was getting weary of waiting. When they appeared, the poor people knew neither Spanish nor Visayan; so I had to do the best I could by means of a rather unaccomplished interperter.

Father Finegan overtook me in Joló, and we sailed together east through the Celebes Sea to Cotabato—a long trip. The six miles up the great Pulangi river, or Rio Grande, were terrible. The engine of the launch was six times too big, and the thing shook like an earthquake. Going back, we were drenched to the skin. Neither now nor on our return from Davao, did we stay long in Cotabato; for there were no American soldiers there. Davao is two days and a night away. Except Zamboango, all the southern towns are miserable little places enough, with an almost worthless population, a mixture of various half-Christian and non-Christian races. The bay of Davao is splendid, and over the coastwise plain rises Apo, 10,300 feet. The scenery all along the south is magnificient; but the country, inhabited by Moros and others, apparently a desert. Before returning, the steamer rounded Cape San Agostin, and went up to Mati, on the Pacific, a magical little place, where we said Mass and spent a day.

All the soldiers we had not seen are posted on the military road which cuts the island (and the Moro country) by Lake Lanao, from Malabang on the south to Overton, near Iligan, (Cagayan) on the north. We reached Parang, south of Malabang, in a Moro *vinta*, from Cotabato. The artistic little thing was so well and

so lightly constructed, that when the sail hung idle, the four rowers advanced almost as quickly as before. The New York Catholic Colonel Houston made us most welcome amongst his thousand soldiers at Parang. Here Father Finegan stayed, while I went on to Malabang to be able to spend Sunday with the soldiers. I went in the *vinta*. We had scarcely started out, when a fierce rain-storm drove us to the shadow of the high shore. My four *Moros* set their *nipa* (palm) roof, and I was cozy enough for a frugal supper, which I shared with them. Guzman, the leader, a religious Moro, would not touch the *tinto*, or red Spanish wine. One said his stomach ached, and showed no scruple. To another Guzman explained that he could take wine travelling. None of them would touch the omelet, for it appeared to contain grease. We sailed out again and advanced slowly in the moonlight. Many were Guzman's questions, about the studies required to become a lawyer, a priest, a bishop: many his explanations of his own religious practices. After a couple of hours, he asked me if I wished to sleep. The Moros have the name of being all supremely treacherous; but I could do nothing but trust them. However, I proposed to Guzman to draw his *nipa* roof over me: it would be a little harder to cut off my head with one stroke of a bolo. He seemed unwill- to do this at first; but there was really no danger whatever, and I felt none. About midnight we got into the mouth of the Malabang river, and slept more or less soundly in the midst of the confused noise of many Moros around us everywhere in their *vintas*. At five Guzman accompanied me to my lodgings. I paid him his six *pesos*, and the poor fellow kissed my hands in gratitude.

Malabang has a bad name, and I think it deserves it. It is, fortunately, a small place; and fortunately, too, a considerable part of it was burnt recently. There are about three hundred soldiers here; and although I visited them in their quarters, saw the sergeants, and had the usual notices read at "retreat", only two soldiers came to confession, and only one went to Holy Communion. This latter was a cavalry sergeant, who gave myself and Sergeant Flynn a rather cautious reception when we found him in the stables. Sergeant Flynn, a big stout man, was good-hearted like his people—at least on one side. His mother was a protestant, and such had he been for some years. He studied the Catholic religion on his own initiative and entered the Church; but sad to

say, married afterwards out of it. He took a great interest in helping me, and came to Mass; but was not quite ready for confession.

The road northward from Malabang to Lake Lanao, bends like a bow, ascending through the wild mountain country of the hostile Moros. No one is allowed to travel it without a military escort. A special military wagon, drawn by four mules, was placed at the disposal of the two *Padres*. Another carried a number of visiting officers. We had five armed cavalrymen—two in front, one in the middle, and two behind. As we were about to start at six in the morning, a troop of cavalry filed out, and we proceeded all day until we came to the lake. They were on a "practice" march. One of the horses died on the way; and our driver, William Moran, a tall good-looking negro from Texas, with all the listless twang of the South, accommodated the horseless rider with a seat beside him.

Ascending ever, we reached Camp Vicar, about two in the afternoon. The camp overlooks the lake from a height of three thousand feet; but is itself an almost level upland extending back all around the lake to a superb coronet of hills, within which it forms an empire. Now we understood why this region became the centre of the Moro power. There is a sharp descent to the water. The upland view is partly lost, and from no other point did we see it as before. The military launch took about three hours to cross the lake, which is some sixteen by twenty miles in extent. Marahin (pronounced Marowy), the northward landing place and old camping-ground of the Spaniards, has two companies of soldiers; but half-a-mile above, at the new American camp Keithly, there are some 700 or 800 men. We were given the quarters of an absent officer, and we ate in the officers club. During the three or four days Father Finegan stayed, there were two little expeditions against the Moros; and perhaps it was the fear of death which brought fifty men to confession. I came down (22 miles) to spend the Sunday with the soldiers at Overton on Iligan Bay. Major Lockett gave me his own office to hear confessions in on Saturday evening. About six or eight soldiers came; and two or three young protestants took the pledge. The earnestness of the men who came to confession and Mass made up to some extent for the smallness of the number, I baptised the baby of an English (American) sergeant, married to an Irish wife. He insisted on giving me five *pesos* as an offering, and is

likely, for stronger reasons than this, to become a Catholic.

At Iligan I found Father Cordova, returning from missions in Leyte, and together with Father Finegan, we reached Cayuga by steamer early on the first morning in May.

D. LYNCH, S. J.

OUR MISSION IN SYRIA

During my travels up and down Syria, whether in a railway carriage, a hack, a native wagon, on horseback, or on foot, I was invariably overjoyed at the affection and esteem the Syrian Catholics have for Ours. This affection has been in evidence since the days of the old Society, when the Fathers brought the Maronites so near to Latin ritual and usage, and welded them into the strongest of the oriental rites of Syria. In those early days, there were many Italian Jesuits in the mission of Syria; and Italian was the European language that had most vogue in the Orient. Hence, it came to pass, that the Fathers were known as *bedrie*. Even today, to the Syrian Catholic, the priest is *huri*, the religion *rahban*, and the Jesuit is always *bedri*.

One day, on my way from Ba'albek to the Cedars of Lebanon, I was scudding across the broad plain of the Beqa, upon a splendid Arabian steed, an exceptional mount for a casual traveler in Syria. My French clerical hat, my soutane cut in French style, my whiskers cut in no style,—all marked me out for a *bedri*; the brand is unmistakable. The wayfarers had each and every one a kindly word of greeting. They were Maronites all, the staunchest Catholics in Syria, and the most loyal devotees of the Society. I shall never forget the heartiness with which one young man looked at my caracoling steed, and warned my *mukari* (guide) to care for me. *Die balak nunshân el-bedri!* "Pay heed to the Father"! *Min kull bud!* "By all means"! came the hearty answer of my guide. It was no compliment to my rough riding, but gave me deep joy. The expression *die balak* means *turn your being*. It and the word *daharak*, meaning *your back*, are by-words and street-cries in the filthy, narrow, crowded *suq* (bazar) of Damascus and Beirut. If one hears a shrill call, one knows the camels are coming, or the asses, or the inevitable

Arabic carriers (hammâl); and one cuddles up close to the shops so as to care for *back* and *being*. For the camels and the asses and the carriers would seem to have a right of way in Syria.

The reason of the affection the Syrians have for the Society is evident to the casual observer,—it is the magnificient results produced by the Fathers. A Maronite priest at Carmel asked me if the Jesuits in America stood so high in esteem as do the Jesuits in Syria. "In what esteem"? I asked. "In esteem for sanctity, and learning, and zeal", he answered; "no body of men stands so high in such esteem here as do the Jesuits". This great esteem is occasioned in part by the contrast with the native clergy, regular and secular. The Lebanon, for instance, is overstocked with native priests, who average seven or eight to the thousand inhabitants; yet, the need of Latin missionaries is imperative. I was in a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, which had nearly fifty native priests, and yet depended much upon a near-by Latin monastery for its supply of spiritual life. In the town of Jebeib, the Phenician Byblos, I met a clever young medical student of our Beirut *Faculté de Medicine*. He was a son of a priest, and sprung from priestly generations which went back into centuries beyond the family reckoning. As an only son, he had been educated for the priesthood. He came into contact with the anti-clerical ideas that are fast overrunning the Lebanon, and these ideas worked for good in his life. He gave up the priesthood, and will doubtless do more for the church as a good Catholic doctor, than he should have done had he followed the family rut and kept the priesthood in the family traditions. He put in a striking way the contrast I speak of. "Our own priests", said he, "possess the very best property in the land and do almost nothing to educate and help the people; the Jesuits bring money from Europe into the land and use all they have to educate and help the people".

This education of the people is woefully needed. Much has been done by the missionaries; far more remains to be done. Centuries of Arabic and Turkish oppression have had a disastrous effect upon the religious and scientific up-bringing of the people and the priest. One is simply dumbstricken at the ignorance of the latter. One priest would not believe me that there were any Catholics in America; another insisted that Bagdad was further away than the United States; another had never heard of the

States nor America, and asked first if they were in Brazil, then if they were in New York. I gave many simple lessons to these poor men,—that Germany was inhabited by neither French nor English; that it was a screw that made the ship go; that the produce and learning and wealth of Syria, were really not greater than that of the States; that there was no need to call down a bishop to consecrate a chapel which a dog had been too free with—a chapel which very likely had never been dedicated at all, as it was only a room of a tumbled shack. It would be unwise to mention incidents of ignorance about the Church, its doctrines and laws.

Such ignorance, of course, is found only in the priests, who had no seminary training. Formerly the good old patriarchal way held; a married man was picked out, for reason of his good repute, or for some other reason, and was ordained priest of his village. As St. Paul hints, such a priest is generally tied to his wife and family and farm; only free time can go to the university and to study. In a town of fifty Catholics and some three hundred Mussulmen, I found a seminary-trained priest, a monk of the Syrian order of St. Ephrem, a most zealous little man of priestly learning and worth; his assistant was a secular priest of the old sort, a good man in the family way, proud of his wife and children, to each of whom I was expected to give *bahshish.* Said I to the monk, "what is it he does"? and I pointed to the secular priest. There was a shrug of the shoulders, a semitic gesture of despair that meant a world of thought, and an answer I can never forget: *Mejawas!* "He's married"! That was enough!

The majority of the native priests now go through a seminary course; though it is a saddening truth that some of the oriental bishops still ordain untrained men. I have met some young priests whose preparation for the priesthood consisted of three months study with a priest of the village, so as to learn to read Syriac letters, (in which the Arabic liturgy is printed), and to receive the traditions about the liturgy of the rite.

When the priesthood is in such a condition, what must one expect of the laity? Well, in the first place, the laity is simple and devoted to the faith; that faith has been strengthened by centuries of opposition and oppression. Indeed, I have left Syria with a high esteem for the strong faith of its simple people. One of the lay professors of Beirut, a fine old Maronite, who taught me spoken Arabic, said to me one day, "Father

the people have kept the faith better than the priesthood". The statement is a paradox, but is brimful of thought. Still, strong though the faith be in the people, one finds their ignorance almost as extravagant as that of an old woman, who is said to have recited the beads daily in honor of Pontius Pilate, because his name was in the creed, and to have asked through him a happy wedded life; her wedded life was that of cats and dogs.

The protestants of the United States have taken advantage of this ignorance of the people to pervert the Syrians. An enormous influence for protestantism is the Syrian Protestant College of Beirut, commonly called the American College. Last year it had more than 800 students. The doctors of its medical faculty are chiefly ministers and are among the best physicians of the city. The American tourists always visit the college. The American Consul-General is identified with it by what is called the American Consul's Medal, and by his presiding at the commencements of the college. Great sums of money come every year from the States to this college and to the other American protestant schools in Syria. These different schools are generally the best buildings in the town, and provide a good elementary education at the price of loss of faith.

JESUIT SCHOOLS IN SYRIA

To counteract this baneful, widespread and financed protestant influence, the Jesuits have worked, without great finances, but with great hearts and strong wills, to establish a system of elementary schools. Before the troubles that have fallen upon the Church in France, Jesuit schools were in almost every Syrian village that could muster a hundred children. The Americans no longer had the field to themselves. The Jesuits tracked them like bloodhounds; and were restless and relentless in scenting their game and bagging it. Wherever the protestants started a "school for scandal", there the Jesuits put up a school for Christ; wherever the strong wall of Catholic faith was attacked by the wealth and education offered by proselytizers, there that wall was defended by Catholic education. A presbyterian missionary was once asked, if he was going to build a school in a certain town of the Lebanon. "Two schools"! he answered. "Yes? How is that?" "Oh, I'll put up one for myself, and, within a week or two, the Jesuits will be at work with another".

Naturally enough these protestant ministers have no special love for Jesuits. On my way to Beirut from Marseilles, I was placed at table near an English missionary (just graduated from U. of P. School of Medicine), who together with his Quaker City wife, was destined to heal the ills of body, if not of soul, in Arabia. At the outset they were most cordial, as all Americans and most English were to me *en voyage*; but soon they learned I was a Jesuit. Things changed. The young man had already done missionary work several years in Syria; and, though not at all averse to hobnobbing with an English secular priest, who later on was my classmate in Beirut, deemed it wiser to keep aloof from the Jesuit.

The great pity is that the Fathers can now no longer maintain their extensive school system. Far less money comes from France than formerly was received. Moreover, native priests used to teach in the schools and received from the mission stipend-intentions. It is not now allowed to give European stipends to the priests of the Oriental rites. One is saddened on every side to find that this lack of funds has led to the closing of two-thirds of the Jesuit schools. The Superior of our residence at Hoems, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, told me that some years ago he had forty schools in his district; he can now support only eleven. The good work of our Fathers is clear in Hoems. They have made more than five hundred converts from schism, to say nothing of several Moslems brought over to Christ every year. Opposed to this efficient work of the Society is the American hospital. A small Jesuit infirmary receives a limited number of very sick Catholics. The Americans give first-class hospital treatment at no cost to Catholics,—no cost at all, save the loss of the pearl of great price. Whether it be blindness or bigotry or both, that hide the truth from the protestants, one cannot safely say. That truth is, in Syria, as elsewhere, that protestant proselytism strangles the dying faith in many a struggling soul; makes not converts but hangers-on, who go the minister's way so far as it is the way to wealth and no farther.

The conversion of the Moslems is a tremendous task. The devil has no greater help than Mohammed's laws. The men of Islam are hemmed in by ignorance, hatred of the christian, and lust. They are brought up on the Koran, which is the be-all and end-all of learning for the bulk of the people. Those that are graduated from the

Koran, generally keep up the form of Islam but are atheists at heart. The hatred of the Moslem for Christ and the faith of the christian can be realized only by contact therewith. The men are gradually coming round to distinguish between a christian and his faith; they will talk in friendly wise with a foreigner, but the talk must not come near to religion. The women are out of reach entirely of the priest. They are chattels of their husbands, and are watched with suspicious, revengful and licentious jealousy. Some hope for the conversion of the women rests in the schools of the Sisters. Moslem girls are being more and more entrusted to the religious, whose refining influence makes for a girl's worth. But every Moslem girl is doomed to some man's harem; the more refined and courteous and educated she is, the more difficult it is for the poor child to escape the inevitable lot of being a lustful man's plaything. Every man is allowed four wives by law; whether the rich go beyond the limit of the letter of the law, no man can say. The harem is a sacred precinct; the law of the owner is the only law that enters in; and that law may be the law of lust or the law of whim, if the owner of the harem be minded to follow lust or whim. The result of this free fling of lust is that Moslem women are not enough to meet the demands of men in a large city. A priest told me that in one year, by the influence of his consul, he had saved fifty christian girls who had been got into Moslem harems by threats and gifts. It is not to be wondered at, that Moslems cannot safely stay in their native towns and turn Catholic; they must migrate, at least to some other part of Turkey, and begin life anew; otherwise life is not worth counting on.

THE MARIAMETTES

A powerful influence for good among Moslem children, and a most important factor in the Jesuit school-system of Syria is a native religious sisterhood, the Congregation of the Immaculate Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly called the Mariamettes. This congregation was founded by the French Fathers. The Congregation of the Propaganda has arranged that temporarily the Jesuit Superior of the Mission of Syria be the Superior of the congregation. The Superior of our residence at Ghazîr, a brother of Fr. Mattern of the New Orleans Province, gives spiritual direction and conferences to the novices and younger sisters. The teaching sisters are

grouped according to districts and are cared for spiritually by the priest who has the schools of that district in charge. The system works out with most consoling results. It would be suicidal of the Jesuit school-system in Syria to turn these poor sisters back upon their own resources. God's glory would be less enhanced, if the Fathers had not these well formed native sisters to bear a burden that no one else could be got to bear. In time the Society will not be so identified with the congregation. But it will be long before the simple Syrian folk call the sisters by the French name Mariamette, or by the long name Religious of the Immaculate Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The Orientals coin short names, that mean much and stay long. They still speak of the Jesuit College in Smyrna. I found it was a Lazarist College that was ours before the suppression. In like manner, whether we like it or no, they will call the Mariamettes *El-Iasn'ayat*,—a name which unfortunately means the Jesuitesses.

The girls who enter the congregation are all native Syrians, mostly Maronites in rite. By entrance they become Latins, a fact of which they are very proud. The novitiate is pretty much like that of the Society. All the girls learn to cook and to do housework. Irrespective of family and education, they are taught the most menial work. Before they go out to teach, they receive a good education in their own language. During all these years of training, they are under the spiritual guidance of a Jesuit. As might naturally be supposed, the results of this training and direction of Ours are splendid. I was never so favorably impressed by the outward deportment of sisters, as when I came into contact with the Mariamettes. Their unobtrusive piety, their natural simplicity, their entire freedom from exaggerated formalities and affected appearances, their hard work and solid humility left upon me an impression I shall not readily forget. I met them in many Syrian towns and always found the same magnificient zeal displayed by them. They live for the most part in little communities of two or three. The Superioress I generally found to be not only chief sister and teacher, but chief cook and housekeeper besides. All the sisters teach and all do housework. The mission supplies twenty francs a month for each sister, and builds or hires the school; other support than this is yet difficult to get. The Syrians are very poor; their land is down trodden and wasted. Manufactories, Syria has none

worth the name. Yet with this poor living, these hard-working sisters are most effectually blocking protestant proselytism from entering in. Many over flourishing American schools are almost without pupils. In Ba'al-bek, the most substantial building is the protestant school, which last year had only six pupils, of whom none were christian; there were two Moslems and four Metwâli. Several years ago the sisters came to Ba'al-bek; and gradually began to win not only Catholics, but also schismatics from the protestant school. An intervention of divine Providence helped on their good work. A little schismatic girl wished to go to the sisters, but could not obtain leave of her parents. One day a sister imprudently may be, but openly met the little girl on her way to school and wheedled her away to the Catholic school. The protestant principal, a native pervert,—an American, as to my intense disgust I often heard the Syrians call his sort,—came to the sister's school in great dudgeon, struck the poor sister a blow with his fist and took away the little girl. In a very short time the principal's son was taken ill. As the boy grew worse his mother begged her husband to go to the sister and ask her pardon. He could submit to no such humiliation. The boy died. The mother urged again, but availed nought; and, lo, a second son of the principal was stricken down. The man stood stubborn against his wife's entreaties, until his second son was near to death, and then begged the sister's pardon. His boy came back to health and lives to-day. I have spoken with the sister in question. There is no doubt about the facts of the case.

These sisters formerly spoke Arabic. The novices and students sisters now learn French; and this language will gradually be introduced into the elementary schools. The teaching of French (or some such modern language) is made necessary by the times. The introduction of European languages into the Lebanon is much to be regretted. In Beirut, it would be difficult to obtain any books of clean French literature or devotion; but one would not have far to seek for the latest and rankest atheistical and pornographic French literature, nor for the veriest "reek of the rotten fens" from Parisian *cafés*. The French government subsidises alike the *soeur de charité* and the *danseuse*; they both help to spread the French language and influence in the Orient. When I found sisters and priests travelling at thegovernment's expense on the Medi-

terranean, I thought the thing paradoxical; later I saw there was deep purpose in the paradox. One evening, while in the dining room of second class, I overheard some actresses explaining that they received third class passage by courtesy of government, or second class accommodations by courtesy of the *commissaire*, or purser. That they were actresses and of a low type was evident; they had no secrets, and voices that were loud. It is a very great pity that French learning and literature are bringing into the Lebanon, French freemasonry and filth; though in far, far less degree than French devotedness and Catholicity.

One might suggest that the Catholics teach no French in Syria. They would in this wise lose what hold they have on the Syrians. They must take things as they are, if they take them at all; and things as they are demand of the Syrian a knowledge of one or more of the three leading European languages—French, English and German. The betterment of economical conditions in Syria depends largely upon money that comes from nations that speak one of these three languages. Arabic is too hard for foreigners to learn; and Syrians readily learn foreign languages. Moreover Arabic linguistic conditions are as chaotic as Grecian, and more so; the literary Arabic is as dead as Ionic or Doric; journalistic Arabic, as journalistic Greek, strives to reach back to the pure language; spoken Arabic is still in the throes of labor to produce a stable and generally accepted form. This linguistic chaos, together with the difficulty of literary Arabic, is part explanation for the Syrian's preference to learn French or English, rather than classice Arabic, and for the increasing vogue to oust the language of the masses from the salons of the classes. So there's the rub. 'Tis a pity, but we must teach French in Syria, otherwise the American Presbyterians and German Lutherans will have a clear field and we shall not be in the action at all.

WALTER M. DRUM, S. J.

NEGRO MISSIONS IN MARYLAND

The Jesuit Fathers have been indentified with missionary work in Maryland from the earliest times, beginning indeed with the first Mass by Father Andrew White on St. Clement's (now Blackistone) Island, in the lower Potomac, St. Mary's County. It was there that the Ark and Dove first touched, March 25, 1634, though the colony was planted farther down at St. Mary's City, on the river of the same name.

Beyond the spiritual care of the settlers, the Fathers went about among the Indians along the Potomac and into the interior of the State, devoting to them their labors at the very time when the brethern of the Order were shedding their blood for the Gospel among the more warlike tribes of New York and Canada.

With the migration of the Indian and the advent of slave colonies, the task of the missionary was hardly lightened. In the lower counties the majority of the masters and landlords remained Catholics; their slaves almost all followed them into the Church; but the process of Christianizing the negroes was slow and tedious. Time and patient toil have borne their fruit, however,so that to-day probably four-fifths of the negroes of St. Mary's County are Catholics. In Charles and Prince George's counties, where the Jesuit Fathers still have flourishing missions, the proportion is nearly as great.

"Befo' de wah", as they say, matters were simplified by the fact that the slaves were concentrated in their own quarters on the large estates and plantations. The missionary, on the occasion of his periodical visits,would assemble all at Mass and instruction. His labors were ably supplemented by the zealous catechizing done by the lady of the manor and her daughters. In this way the slaves were taught their prayers and prepared for the sacraments; and tradition says that many of those devout and unlettered folk were readier with both prayers and catechism than is the average child of to-day, with the superior advantages of modern school education.

At evening the slaves were usually assembled with the master's family for "loud" prayers (*i.e.*, prayers in common), and where the mission church was conveni-

ently situated, they were sent in large detachments by land or water to assist at Mass on the Sundays and holy days.

One may still see evidences of the religious training given to the slaves before the war. The custom of a whole family going to "early church", or going "fasting" (synonyms for going to Communion) is sometimes carefully kept up by former slaves or their descendants. Every Sunday one sees at Mass old men and women above the three-score-and ten limit, who have walked,or rather hobbled, through miles of wood and swamp to "come near to de Lawd".

For no reason will they miss their Easter or even their Christian duty, as they still believe that such failure would put them out of their church.

During the Paschal season, the priest learns of the existence, in some remote corner, of many poor old cripples who are too infirm to come to church through the year, but who are sure to send for "the Father" to bring them their Easter Communion.

The simplicity and vividness of their faith when he approaches is certainly worthy of a better age, but it is still the product of the same blessed faith, ever fresh and always rejuvenating the souls that it possesses. Once on Ascension Day the writer was called to anoint one of these old timers. She had lost all fear of death, and when the sacred rites were ended she breathed a loud and fervent prayer to be taken to heaven on the day when the Lord Himself ascended thither. Her prayer was not answered, but when her hour did come, her ascension could not have been long delayed.

Blindness or partial paralysis may come to aggravate the hardships of the poverty-stricken lives of these old negroes, but these ills only serve, in most cases, to make their patience and resignation to God's Will the more beautiful by contrast—like the lilly in the marsh. A general term for their pains and ailments is "misery"; but beyond this their only worry is "wid de chaps"—*i.e.*, the grandchildren who are too often allowed to grow up wild and careless, and wanting in respect for old age.

The "mammies" of slavery times were famous characters, but their ranks are thinning fast. Rarely will one now find the type that sits in her log cabin by the old-fashioned open fireplace, smoking her pipe and tending the big iron kettle that swings by a chain from above. Fewer still are the patriarchs of anti-bellum days; for war, hardship and exposure have mowed them down.

Even the good old names, Silas, Sambo and Pompey, are dying out. The old men were sometimes given nick-names that were not pleasant or complimentary. A few months ago, one of them, who had been an expert fisherman, died suddenly, and the report went abroad that "The Devil" had dropped dead. This reached the ears of a precocius four-year-old, who promptly renounced the resolution which had been forced upon him by his mother—not to swear!

Before the sixties, the slaves did not always have surnames, and we find such curious entries as the following in the church records: "Jim and Jinny, servants of X——, were united in marriage, with 'Becky' and Mrs. X—— as witnesses". Gradually both slaves and freemen adopted the names of their masters, and that is why we find negro families bearing the names of the oldest settlers and pioneers. Strangely enough, distinctly Celtic names like Collins, Nolan, Kelly, Corcoran, Kilgore, Mahoney, etc., are held by negroes; while their original owners disappeared with the war of 1862, or shortly after that troublous period.

Emancipation made the labors of the missionary more difficult, for it broke up the slave colonies and settlements and scattered the freemen about the country. Some of these went to the cities and were, for the most part, lost to the Church. Those who remained generally continued in the employ of their former masters, and after a time rented farms as tenants.

The next step was to buy pieces of woodland and clear it for their own purposes. To-day one finds these small holdings everywhere, and not unfrequently even large tracts with dwellings that rival those of the white man—all the property of some thrifty negro farmer.

Along the rivers and tributaries during the oyster season the negroes join their white neighbors in dredging and tonging, or they man their own oyster boats. This employment is quite lucrative, bringing the oysterman from five to ten dollars a day when the season is at its height.

The majority of the race, however, keep to the more congenial home employments on farm and timber tract. There is a growing tendency to be free and independent of the whites, and some will suffer almost destitution rather than work or permit their children to work for them. It is proper to state that this race antipathy is not at all so marked in Catholic congregations, where the whites regard their one-time serfs as fellow-sons of

the Church Catholic, and where the black man kneeling at the same communion-rail beside his white fellow-Catholic, feels and knows that he is not merely tolerated there, but welcomed.

Where city influence or some rare and isolated act of intolerance on the part of the whites has not irritated the colored Catholics, they are docile and helpful to their white neighbors, and willingly undertake the menial work at church festivals and suppers. To the priest they are as a class most submissive and reverential, willing to be guided and ruled by him. Whatever be their preference elsewhere, it is certain that in lower Maryland they would have none but white priests, and would look on a change as reflecting somehow upon themselves. Possibly this attitude might alter with changing times and circumstances.

Some reference was made in the course of this article to the proportion of Catholics in the total negro population. Compared with the entire population, the negroes in St. Mary's County, where the writer is stationed, number about two-fifths, or very nearly one-half. This proportion varies but little in Charles and Prince George counties.

In the mission of Charles County there is a peculiar race called "We Sorts", who are classed as colored, but who claim to be of Indian origin. They associate together and inter-marry only with those of their own race. Their complexion is very light, and it is not unlikely that they are descendants of whites and Indians. Their name is derived from their protest against being classed as negroes—"We sort don't go with you sort!" As they will not go to the colored schools and will not be admitted to the white schools, they unfortunately remain very ignorant. In their homes and habits and manner of dress they closely resemble the white population.

A few settlements are entirely colored, and these are almost wholly Catholic, except where colonists from Virginia and the more protestant counties farther north and west predominate. Holy Family Church in Prince George County is in charge of the colored people, and only a very small number of whites attend it. At St. Nicholas', in St. Mary's County, and one or two other churches elsewhere, the colored people are in the majority, while St. Peter Claver's, in the same county, is a distinctively colored congregation, the only one in Southern Maryland.

The organization of this last parish is almost complete, with sodalities, societies, choir for High Mass, etc. It is a convincing proof that the Catholic Church is truly the church of the colored man. Connected with the parish is a full brass band, formed and trained several years ago by one of the Fathers. Regularly the band turns out to discourse national music on the great holidays like Decoration and Independence Day, and more solemn music at church festivals and large funerals. Fortunately or unfortunately, the separate church system there prevailing has had a tendency to divide the color line more clearly; but it has had the advantage of giving freer scope to the religious inclinations of the parishioners.

Nearly every parish under the care of the Jesuit Fathers has its sodalities and confraternities for the colored Catholics, except where membership in the same is not restricted to the whites. In the districts dependent on Leonardtown there are three colored mutual benefit societies, two of them almost entirely Catholic. They are in a flourishing condition, owning separate halls, and paying out considerable sick and death benefits for the relief of the suffering and the destitute. This is a feature for which the colored people deserve much credit, and goes to remove the charge of thriftlessness that has long stood against the race.

These societies take formal charge of the funerals of their deceased members, and make a semi-military display as they march to the church with banner and drum, and file in with their striking uniforms. They take a prominent part also in the church festivals, which are a peculiar institution in these localities.

As a rule, with perhaps but one exception in the three counties named, the colored people hold these festivals apart from the white parishioners, and every negro is sure to be there, no matter how long and dusty the roads, nor how busy the season of harvesting and haymaking.

Poor people! they have few amusements, and it is a blessing to have these festivals under the auspices of their Church. With parties and oyster suppers in the winter months, the summer festivals serve somewhat to keep them together and away from the camp and gospel meetings of the sects. The cockle will ever co-exist with the wheat, and error sometimes spreads on the occasions of the camp meetings, which appeal to the colored man's love of demonstration and religious enthusiasm.

Against the existing forces of Protestantism, the immigration from non-Catholic Virginia, the vices imported from the large cities, and the natural weaknesses of the race, the grand old Church holds her own bravely and steadfastly.

As is clear, this is not a missionary field in the same sense as elsewhere farther south, or even in a large city like Philadelphia, where Catholics do not number one per cent. of the colored population. Give the colored people in missions like Maryland a share of priestly attention, show them sympathy, organize them and satisfy their love of music, ritual, and fervent preaching, and you will not only hold them and their children, but reclaim little by little those of the race who are claimed by the sects.

May the Lord of the harvest hasten the day when the good seed may spread and grow and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold across the Potomac in fair Virginia, and in the vast fields southward to the Gulf.

L. J. KELLY, S. J.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR TEACHERS

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

There are now in the United States, twenty-seven colleges of the Society. If the teaching staff in each of them numbers only ten, this will give us a regiment of two hundred and seventy teachers. Probably there are about four hundred. We all had the same religious training, we all work and toil for the same supernatural and natural end, and practically all of us consider their present occupation their life work.

Now, in our days, and not least in this country, the people practicing the same profession almost regularly have some paper of their own, some magazine devoted to their peculiar interests, to discuss the questions, methods and problems of their calling.

There are periodicals for the doctors and lawyers, for the coopers and brewers, and for the sportsman. Could there not be a periodical for the Jesuit teachers? It

would doubtless help very much to foster an ésprit-de-corps among us, and attach us more and more to an occupation which, in the long run, has little natural attraction.

Who are to be writers for it? I should think there are at least some who ought to let us poorer mortals share in the store of knowledge, theoretical and practical, which they have laid up by study, experience, success and ill-luck. Nay, there is not one, humbly as he thinks of himself, who could not once or twice a year contribute a widow's mite towards the instruction of others. If even a blind hen finds a grain of corn now and then, how much more must a Jesuit, whom his superiors think fit to guide the education of others, be ready and able to say or write something by which his equals might be benefited.

The articles for the periodical need not necessarily be of that highly theoretical nature, like so many in our educational monthlies.

The title "School Notes", or "School Briefs" would approximately express the kind of contributions our periodical ought chiefly to contain.

One teacher might, for instance, treat of the various ways of starting Greek. Should you first take very simple, easy words, consisting almost exclusively of letters that are more or less similar to the Latin, thus giving the impression that Greek is not so hard after all; or should you take the bull by the horns, by writing the entire series of strange looking letters on the blackboard, and mercilessly demanding that it be recited on each of the next five days.

Another might tell us how he succeeded in rousing his class to enthusiasm for English composition, or how he brought home to his boys the ablative absolute, what he did to enliven his lessons in Caesar, how he made his boys "crazy" for Xenophon, or what tricks he used to get extra work out of the geniuses, who are not sufficiently occupied by the ordinary tasks.

Indeed, every detail in the whole range of high school and college instruction, might be made the subject of a larger or shorter article. The following list, however, partly suggested by the indexes of some periodicals, will serve to show more clearly the nature of the publication this letter has in view.

1. Outline of a history lesson on the first part of the Hannibalian war.

2. Should we start Latin with the declension or with the indicative present of the first conjugation.
3. How could Latin be made to assist English spelling?
4. Would an English reader be preferable to the school-editions of separate English classics?
5. How should the Greek accents be treated?
6. What difficulties will a student find in the Latin numerals?
7. Should Anglo-Saxon be taught in high-schools?
8. Explanation of the "Village Blacksmith".
9. Which sections of Ovid should be read?
10. Connection between history and English composition.
11. The Greek optative: how to introduce it.
12. A class excursion.
13. The drawing of maps as a help to the study of history.
14. Equality of triangles: Sketch of a lesson in Geometry.
15. Extract of the school laws of the several states.
16. How many chapters of the Anabasis ought to be read, and which should be selected?
17. Which poems should be known by every educated American?
18. Suggestions for the learning of vocables.
19. Sketch of a Virgil lesson.
20. Preparation of an essay on the crusades: Sketch of several lessons.
21. Plan of the first lessons in Greek history.
22. How to prevent copying in written examination.
23. Advantages and disadvantages of frequent written examinations.
24. What can we do to teach practical love for the language and prayers of the Church?

These are some subjects. There must of course be a book department to discuss books and other publications.—The periodical might become a depository of most useful remarks on the fitness and unfitness of books for our students.

Many of the ever important books of the old Society, which cannot be published in book form, might be reprinted serially in this periodical.

Would not the yearly vacation course in Keyser Island be a fruitful source of suggestions for it, and at the same time be most usefully supplemented by it?

How often should the paper appear? In the beginning, perhaps, not oftener than three times a year. We can easily fill, three times a year, some fifty or sixty pages with interesting reading.

The money necessary for such a publication, not a great amount, could probably be obtained by a mutual arrangement between the Rectors and Prefects of studies of the various colleges in America.

Now, Reverend Father, this is an idea which I have cherished for many years. The scholastics of Stonyhurst issue, among themselves, a hand-written monthly. I know that the theologians of the German province do the same in their scholasticate at Valkenburg. There ought not to be less push in us Americans.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY AND ST. JOSEPH

About mid-lent of the year 1539 the celebrated deliberations of St. Ignatius and his companions began in Rome. The account of these consultations has been providentially preserved during three centuries and a half, and may be found printed in the magnificent copy of the Constitutions which was published at Madrid 1892. Our first Fathers, according to the vow they had made, had offered themselves to the Sovereign Pontiff to labor in whatever part of the world he might judge best for the good of souls. The offer was accepted and the time of parting was near at hand.

It was necessary then for them to come to some conclusion regarding their manner of life. God had called them together and had blessed their work. Was it expedient for them to strengthen and confirm the union by forming one body so that no distance of place, however great, would separate those whom God had united? Or was it inexpedient to do so? This was the question proposed at their first meeting, "prima nocte qua convenimus," as the document mentioned above puts it. And an immediate answer to the question was imperative. For "behold," continues the document, "the Sovereign Pontiff is *just now* sending two of us to Siena; should we look after them or they after us, ... or should we perhaps have no more care of them than

of those who are outside the Society. Finally we settled the question in the affirmative, viz.; that, whereas the most loving and kind Lord had deigned to unite and call us together, weak though we are and differing so much in nationality and customs, we should not dissolve, but rather confirm and strengthen the union and association God himself had brought about.

Here then we have the first formal agreement of St. Ignatius and his companions to unite themselves into a religious corporate body, the proximate and urgent occasion being the Sienese mission. Polancus writing in St. Ignatius' name to Father Palmius on *July 29, 1553*, gives a little account of the origin of the Society. He says that Our Holy Father with those he had gathered around him in Paris did not pass over to Italy to form a Religion (a religious Order) but to go on to Jerusalem, to preach and die there among the infidels. Not being able to carry out this design they were constrained to remain in Italy; and as the Pope began to use them in the service of God and the Apostolic See they then deliberated about forming a corporate union, which was at once confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiffs Paul and Julius.*

This is the genuine history of the origin of the Society.

The document entrusting the Sienese mission to Father Paschasius Broet and companion may be found among the Monumenta Historica in the volume entitled: Epistolæ PP. Paschasii Broetii, Claudii Jaii, Joannis Codurii et Simonis Rodericii. p. 201. It was signed by Cardinal Caraffa and runs in part as follows:

"Venerable Sir, and dearly beloved in Christ, health.

"We make known to you that to-day the Most Holy Father in Christ, Our Lord, the Lord Paul III, by divine Providence Pope, after our secret consistory enjoined on us by a *viva voce* oracle to order you in the name of His Holiness and in virtue of holy obedience to betake yourself personally to Siena, with that one of your companions who in your judgment should be chosen, as soon as you conveniently can on receipt of these presents." The special work of this mission, as we learn from the document, was the reform of the Benedictine Nuns of the Monastery of Sts. Prosper and Agnes. In compliance with the mandate of His Holiness the Cardinal then gives the order. He bids them to remain in

* Monumenta Ignatiana: Epistolæ et Instructiones Sti. Ignatii vol. v. p. 259.

Siena until further instructions are transmitted to them. They are to engage in the business of the reform with the permission of the Ordinary.

This document closes with the following:

"Given at the apostolic palace . . . on the 19th day of March 1539 in the fifth year of the Pontificate of our Most Holy Lord, the Lord Paul.

John Peter, Cardinal of Saint Sixtus. Signed with my own hand."

In Vicenza towards the end of the year 1537, St. Ignatius and his companions took for the first time the name, Society of Jesus.

Our Blessed Lady was closely connected with the great events of St. Ignatius' conversion; and it was on the Feast of her Assumption that the first vows were made at Montmartre.

And the first apostolic mission, which was also the proximate occasion of the great resolve to found a religious order, was entrusted to the Society on the Feast of St. Joseph, the Foster Father of Jesus, the Spouse of Our Blessed Lady. What wonder then is it that the Society from its inception should have been especially devoted to the great Patriarch, seeing that he was so intimately connected with its very origin!

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

The History of the Society of Jesus in North America. By Rev. T. Hughes, S. J. Documents V. I, P. I. Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland; Longmans Green & Co., New York.

This volume of documents which Father Hughes now gives the public, is perhaps more remarkable than the narrative which has already appeared. It is quite an exceptional thing for an author to hand over to you all the documents upon which history is based, especially as he does not toss them in a heap and let you flounder through them. He arranges them in their logical order for your convenience, and instead of being a worry it is a delight to go through them. He does more than that. He gives you a digest of each as he goes along, and helps you out by marginal indications of what the subject matter is. Looking at the facsimile of one of these papers, one cannot help feeling something like amazement at the amount of labor required to decipher and arrange all those old manuscripts in English, French, Latin and Italian, and then to classify them and supply them with indexes of various kinds, both at the side of the document itself and at the beginning of the chapter. We know of no historical work where so much consideration is shown for the readers, so much scrupulous concern in the search for truth, and so much solicitude in providing for future historical research.

A large space is given, in the present invoice of documents, to the famous contention with Archbishop Maréchal, which Gilmary Shea had thought proper to consign to oblivion as far as it was possible. Of course Shea had not come into possession of all that Father Hughes has since laid hands on, and besides, considerable time has elapsed since Shea has been called to his reward. As all the parties concerned in the controversy have long since passed away, and as it was necessary that the character of a religious body which had been badly aspersed should be vindicated, it was thought that the present occasion was the proper one. As most of the letters are "decorously draped in the garb of a foreign language," the *scandalum pusillorum* will have been avoided.

It will be for most people a surprise to learn that Archbishop Maréchal desired to have Fenwick appointed to the See of New York, as successor to Connolly, whose Vicar-General he had been. It was not only out of regard for Fenwick's eminent qualities, but also to prevent him being

spoiled by the Jesuits with whom he lived in Maryland. Maréchal's appreciations of his antagonists are very amussing. So also are his claims over Religious Communities. He fancied he could send this and that Jesuit where he pleased, even have him expelled from the Society. Perhaps the most astonishing document in this present volume is that which shows the Archbishop's attitude to Bishop Lartigue, the first bishop of Montreal, suggesting that it would be advisable for him not to live in the city itself but on the other side of the St. Lawrence. Lartigue was a Sulpitian, and yet Maréchal, who was a Sulpitian, did not think that the Sulpitians of Montreal should come to the new bishop's assistance in any way; not only in yielding him a church but in letting him live in the precincts of the city. It is wonderful how the Lord provides for His flock in spite of the shortcomings of His servants.—*The Messenger, May 1908.*

The Literary Digest of April 4, 1908, has the following appreciation of Father Hughes' great work on the History of the Society of Jesus in North America.

"Although this work has reached us in two actual volumes they are intended to comprise merely volume I, the second of these volumes forming solely an appendix to the first, in which is contained the history of the Order from the first colonization until 1645. The first volume of the work before us is, therefore, merely the first part of the volume. Properly the portion of American history therein included belongs to the English historian of the Society of Jesus, for during a century and a half of Jesuit work in the British Colonies of North America the missionaries and their various organizations pertained to that unit of Jesuit government known as the English province. Nevertheless Father Hughes is only doing justice to his great subject when he refers the Jesuit work on this continent to a place in American history.

"The history of the Jesuits in the northern regions of America has been related with brilliant eloquence and sympathy by Francis Parkman. He has portrayed in vivid language the courage, devotion, and religious enthusiasm of the Jesuit missionaries and martyrs. But he treated only of French Jesuits and did not touch on the Spanish or English members of the order. His work looked at from the most favorable standpoint is merely a series of fascinating literary sketches.

"Father Hughes has approached his subject in a very different spirit. He is a historian in the modern sense of the term, and as the requirements of modern research call for the fullest use of documents, his present second volume or second part of the first volume, is taken up entirely with a documentary excursus. This excursus is a most valuable epitome of Catholic Church history, and indeed shows the

beginning of that vast religious organization which has spread throughout the United States. Much of such material will, however, be of interest only to the scientific historian or to the ecclesiastical lawyer and canonist. Here are copiously illustrated questions touching not only property but also ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bishops and regulars, trusteeism lay and ecclesiastical, relations of the Church with the Government, etc. The documents are accompanied with an elucidating comment."

We Preach Christ Crucified. Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By HERBERT LUCAS, S. J. London and Edinburgh, Sands and Company. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, 1908. Price $1.00 net.

This volume of 328 pages contains 40 short and crisp addresses delivered either in the Boys' Chapel or in St. Peter's, Stonyhurst. Ours are familiar with the two excellent volumes by the same author, *In the Morning of Life* and "*At the Parting of the Ways.*" This last work, "*We Preach Christ Crucified,*" is intended as a companion or sequel to the two preceding volumes. Father Lucas modestly says in his very brief preface, "it is hoped that like its predecessors, it may prove useful to others besides schoolboys." We are certain it will; one has but to go over the titles of the addresses to see how well suited the subjects are to young and old, religious and lay people. That our readers may be tempted to inquire for themselves we mention a few titles at random: *Christian Courage; Generosity in Work; Generosity in Endurance; Faith, Trust, and Thankfulness; The Bread of the Wayfarer; Love of God.* Such subjects as these, though treated in this work in a manner, especially taking with boys, are none the less full of meat for all classes. Father Lucas has done his work well. His earlier volumes have been suggestive and helpful to those who have to preach to boys and give retreats, but this last, we venture to think, will prove even more so.

The addresses, never dull, are models of brevity, clearness, and solid, practical, every day piety. Even the more difficult and abstract doctrines and principles of our faith are made intelligible and clear to the youthful mind by many an apt illustration. We wish this volume and its predecessors an ever increasing circulation.

The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism. By REV. JOHN J. MING, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, 1908. Price $1.50.

Socialism may be called the question of the hour. It engrosses public attention and many questions have arisen concerning its real nature and tendency. It is not the purpose of Father Ming in the present volume to investigate all these questions. As he tells us in his preface "the economic side of socialism, such as the nature of a capitalist pro-

duction, surplus-value, wage-system, and class struggle, does not enter the subject matter treated in the present work." Its exact object is clearly set forth in the Introduction.

"An examination of socialist teaching concerning God and religion, thorough and critical, but unprejudiced and for the sole purpose of establishing the truth, is the object of the following chapters."

"There are two questions involved in our problem which need a solution.

1. What is understood by modern socialism as distinct from previous phases of the socialist movement?

2. What is the attitude of modern socialism toward religion? Does it admit the existence of a personal deity, or is it atheistic and materialistic? If materialistic, is it opposed or indifferent to religion in general and to Christianity in particular?"

To solve these questions the work consists of two parts of which the first treats of the characteristics of modern socialism, the second of its religion.

Epistolæ Præpositorum Generalium ad Patres et Fratres Societatis Jesu. Tomus IV complectens epistolas ab anno 1844 ad annum 1905 datas. Accedit Index ad quatuor tomos duplex, quorum prior exhibet summarium omnium epistolarum, alter ordine alphabetico res omnes in epistolis contentas recenset. 500 pp. 8°.

In 1847 the Belgian Province published the Latin text of the principal encyclical letters of the Generals of the Society. (2 vol. 8°.)

In 1883 there appeared a third volume containing the letters of Fathers Roothaan and Beckx, addressed to the whole Society, from 1848 to 1883.

The same Province has now completed this series by the publication of a fourth volume, mentioned above. This volume contains the letters of Father Anderledy and Martin. There is an excellent index at the end of this volume giving an analytical resumé of all the letters in the four volumes; another index, an alphabetical one, also at the end of volume IV, gives a list of all the important topics treated of in the letters, thus making reference to all the volumes useful and easy.

Volumes I and II. are out of print; but they will be reprinted *if a sufficient number of copies is subscribed for.*

Volume III can still be obtained. The price of each volume (about 500 pages) is 5 francs. Address: Rev. A. Coemans, S. J. Rue Royale 165, Brussels, Belgium.

We subjoin the approbation of Very Rev. Father General Wernz given to volume IV.

Approbatio A. R. P. N. Generalis FRANC. XAV. WERNZ

Quartum hoc volumen quod præcipuas Præpositorum Generalium complectitur Epistolas ad Patres et Fratres Socie-

tatis Jesu post annum 1883 missas, non solum probamus, sed etiam Nostris omnibus, præsertim Superioribus, Instructoribus tertiæ probationis, Magistris Noviciorum, Præfectis Spiritus et Consultoribus valde commendamus; nec possumus quin Provinciæ Belgicæ curam atque industriam eiusmodi Epistolas colligendi ac recudendi magnopere laudemus.

Romæ, d. 10 Octobris 1907.

FRANCISCUS XAVERIUS WERNZ
Præp. Gen. Soc. Jesu.

Nouveaux Essais Pédagogiques. The Province of Belgium has resumed the publication of the "Essais Pedagogiques" which had been discontinued for a number of years. One volume of the new issue has been completed in periodical installments, and the second volume is appearing in the same way. Every teacher will be glad to get a sight of this work. It is eminently and immediately practical, written by teachers and for teachers and especially adopted for use in our class rooms. The first volume contains 500 pages comprising more than 60 articles written by 33 different authors. The variety and suggestiveness of the papers are truly admirable. Every class in our course and nearly every subject we teach, is touched upon helpfully. Latin, Greek, French, Flemish, Mathematics, History, Grammar, Elocution, Class Management, Examinations, Contests, everything, in a word, that falls within the scope of a teacher, receives practical and illuminating treatment. There are some few articles dealing with the theory of education, and they are marked by an enlightened conservatism. It need not be said that the traditional methods of the Society are held in high esteem and receive fresh and clear handling. Teachers will be fortunate if they can lay their hands on a book so helpful for immediate use in the class-room.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — Observatorio Astronomico de Cartuja, Granada, Eclipse de 1905. Théories sur le Magnéstisme Terrestre, (extrait du Cosmos, des 5, 12, 19, 26 Octobre, 1907. Etienne Merveille, S. J. Observatoire de l'Ebre, Tortosa, Espagne. Status Missionis Nankinensis Societatis Jesu, anno 1907–1908. Zi-ka-Wei. Stonyhurst College Observatory, Results of Meteorological and Magnetical Observations, 1907. With Report and Notes of the Director, Rev. W. Sidgreaves, S. J., F. R. A. S.

Berichten; Catholic Standard of British Guiana; Le Messager du Coeur de Jésus; Chine, Ceylan, Madagascar; Relations D'Orient: Missions Belges; Oeuvres de la Mission du Kiang-Nan; Zambesi Mission Record; Australian Messenger; Messenger; Messenger of the Sacred Heart (American); Messenger of the Sacred Heart (English); Letters and Notices; Report and Prize List of St. Aloysius College, Mangalore; The North Point Annual; Stonyhurst Magazine; Holy Cross Purple; Revista Catolica; Catholic Herald (India).

OBITUARY

Father Francis I. Prelato.

In the death of Father Francis Ignatius Prelato on Tuesday evening, August 27th, 1907, within one month of the golden jubilee of his priesthood, San Francisco lost him who was justly styled its apostle. Born on the 6th of October, 1829, in Savona, the sea-port town of Liguria, whence St. Francis Xavier sailed for India, the child was named after the great saint, whose Apostolic Jesuit life he was later to imitate. Of his early years, little has been preserved to us. We know, however, that he received all his education from Ours.

In his fifteenth year he entered the Society. After his novitiate he devoted one year to the study of rhetoric, and then taught grammar in the college of St. Theresa, until the Revolution of 1848, causing the dismemberment of the community, forced him to seek refuge in France. He was nineteen at the time, young, vigorous and very sensitive. But though his heart was tender, it was strong, too, with the strength of a hero; and while the persecution wounded his gentleness, it but served to strengthen his constancy. For three years he pursued his course of Philosophy, partly at Toulouse, partly at Vals. After this we again find him in Italy teaching at Caglieri for five years until 1856. Thence he went over to England and studied Theology for two years. Ordained a priest he set out for America in the year 1858. Arriving on the coast, he was sent to Santa Clara, where he was variously employed as Minister, Consultor, Admonitor, Operarius, Director of Boys' Sodality and Chaplain. As teacher and prefect, Father Prelato combined kindness with severity, the qualities of the ideal Jesuit educator. The boys' welfare was his only thought. Hence he spared himself no work that might further their interests. He was ever planning something to please them, and many are the old Santa Clara students, who remember the frequent picnics ably managed and superintended by him. In the yard his name was "Mother" Prelato, a fact that speaks volumes for the qualities of his heart. Whenever he went among his beloved boys they hailed his approach with sincere pleasure and attentively listened to his well-told stories—the method he used to convey his instructions.

In 1866, he was called to San Francisco where he labored for a year as Operarius and teacher of Spanish. Then he returned as Assistant Treasurer and Operarius to Santa Clara for another year.

The remainder of his life, a little over thirty-nine years, was spent at St. Ignatius. He was college chaplain for thirty-three years, during the first seven of which he was also Prefect of Discipline, and the next thirteen Treasurer. He taught classics for a while and modern languages. On August 5, 1888, he was appointed to take care of the Presidio, the military reserve along the north and west shores of the bay. In 1890, an additional status of Catechist in the Church was given him. And another in 1893, when he was made Spiritual Instructor of the students. In 1900, we find him again as Admonitor. Fr. Prelato was a true Jesuit priest in all that constitutes that sacred state. Simple as a child, of an equable temper he walked with God through life spreading everywhere the good odor of Christ. His life was a constant exhortation to virtue. Hence to know him was to esteem him. To natural gifts of mind and constitution, which enabled him to labor incessantly, he added the virtues of St. Francis Assisi, in whose city the greater part of his ministry was spent. He was gentle, unselfish, energetic and zealous with a zeal of infinite resource.

His life as a religious was one of devotion to duty, prompt obedience, a great love of poverty and community life. So great was the scrupulous regard for the success of his prayer, that, even during his last illness, he would not allow anything to be placsd upon his prie-dieu, saying gently, that it was reserved for a holy purpose. He was a thoroughly humble man. His trust in her miraculous medals and in her rosary, evidenced his tender love of the Blessed Virgin.

By day and by night Father Prelato toiled on his round of duties. He went to the poor in their homes and with his presence came resignation, contentment and peace. With permission of his superiors, he collected old clothes and distributed them to the needy with the delicate tact of true charity. The capacious pockets of his outercoat were always supplied with medals and other pious articles, which children appreciate. These he shared with the little ones he met on his daily rounds. He would ask each: "My child, can you make the sign of the Cross?" If the attempt were a failure, an opportunity to instruct was afforded him. When the holy sign had been duly made, he would give as a reward one of The Blessed Mother's medals. He gloried in the privilege of attending the sick. He begged the porter to notify him whenever a night sick call came. His wish was granted, and in consequenee almost every night, until old age began to claim him, was one of broken rest.

Fr. Prelato was known far and wide for his marvelous memory which was clear to the end. His splendid system of taking notes helped him very much in the care of the sick. He could give the day and date of the deaths of hundreds. Each year he sent cards reminding the children of the anniversary of a parents' death. This he did continual-

ly, bidding all not forget their dead, no matter how long since departed. Each evening found him ready with a story for the boys in the sacristy before going to the altar to recite the beads and instruct in the catechism his numerous audience. No one was more reliable than he for remembering just when each novena should begin. These he always gave.

After leaving the altar he proceeded to one of the parlors to prepare for first communion the waifs, whose acquaintance he had made during the day. These classes grew, and frequently throughout the year the great Lord came to give Himself for the first time to his homeless neglected ones. Could such care go unrequieted? No wonder, then, that he was looked upon as the father of the poor. Then medals would be given as mementoes. These preserved their owners from many evils, so that even Protestants begged for them. As a confessor he was much sought after. His ready knowledge of French, Spanish and Italian enabled him to administer to a great number.

In his unceasing toil among the poor many asked for immediate pecuniary aid. With his implicit confidence in St. Joseph, he would promise to send some at once, and strange, yet truthful to relate, the money was frequently presented to him from totally unknown and unsuspected sources. On this account he was held in high repute for sanctity. Numbers went to him instead of the doctor asking him to bless and cure them.

But it was especially at the Presidio where the remarkable period of his city life was spent. For seventeen long years he toiled for his boys—the soldiers. He planned and beautified the little chapel and placed it under the patronage of St. Sebastian, the martyred soldier. On every feast of the year it was tastefully decorated. Each Christmas was made vivid by a beautiful new crib. The good old man made these at the college, took them apart and set them up again in his own chapel. Those who have seen them, marvel how things so rich in design could spring from such poverty of material. No two were alike, which shows the versatility of his genius.

On Saturday evenings, after supper, he went to the dining room to prepare his morrow's meal. With the small pittance of a bottle of milk and a piece of bread he started out early every Sunday morning for his post. He said two Masses, the first at nine o'clock, the second at eleven. He heard confessions before the Masses, conducted a Sunday school between them and preached at each. After visiting and other regular parish work, he returned home sometime after two o'clock, with practically nothing to eat that morning. Then he would go to one of the convents for afternoon vespers, return for supper, say the beads in the church and again sing vespers, and give Benediction.

During the week he visited the hospital at the Presidio to console the men, for whom he loved to labor. It was in the wards, both at the Presidio and elsewhere, that he reaped an abundant harvest of souls. In his own inimitable way he approached the sick or dying person and asked: "Would you like to be a Catholic?" After a few words his genial sanctity had won the conquest over doubt or prejudice, and he offered to the divine shepherd another of his sheep just found. No one could refuse his ministry. Soldiers, who in the rough ways of the camp, had ceased to lead a practical Catholic life, were invariably recalled to their duty by the friend of the "Boys" and sent from a bed of pain to a life of happiness in heaven.

His life to us, his brethren, was a constant source of edification and an incentive to nobler efforts of zeal and enthusiasm in the service of God. His spirit was too broad, his charity too sincere to trifle with the shortcomings of others. Hence no one ever heard him speak an unkind word of his neighbor. He was all readiness for whatever was asked of him. This showed itself even at the entertainments for which he always wrote some appropriate poem in rhyming verse. He had great facility in making verses.

Laboriously his life ran on till the earthquake and fire. The distress of the thousands of his children, the loss of his notes, poems and his life's pen-work were, we can easily imagine, too great a shock for him. For he broke down after the crisis and lay helpless for two days in the scene of his own labors—sick in the common hospital at the Presidio. He rallied, but was a changed man. On December 30, of the same year, he was released from the care of the Presidio. In the course of the next three months he sank gradually, seldom going out and then only for a short time. In the beginning of July death gave sure signs of its coming. Palpitation of the heart made it impossible for him to use a bed. During the last six weeks of his life, therefore, he was confined to a chair. Daily papers kept the people informed of his state. Ours were asked his condition by all kinds of persons even by free-masons. Forbidden to meditate, he had recourse to the rosary merely muttering the words. With the gratitude that was a very noticeable trait of his character, he rewarded every visit paid him with three Hail Marys. If the visitor were a priest the old patriarch asked to be blessed. He would have no extra dishes, contenting himself with the common meals to the end. Whenever an impatient word escaped him, whilst suffering, he immediately begged pardon. It was his wish that if during any night there was danger of his dying, the nurse should not disturb any old Father but call one of the younger men. Superior army officers called to see him and were admitted to the room and invariably exclaimed: "Oh how much we miss you at the Presidio!"

Shortly before the Father died Archbishop Riordan, whose confessor he was, called and asked to see him. He said he wished to be the last whose confession Fr. Prelato would hear. Entering the room he knelt on the floor at the side of the sick man's chair and confessed. This over he remained in his company for a considerable time, and called again in the afternoon.

As the end drew nearer, continual watching became necessary. Each moment was expected to be the last. Still his robust constitution fought back death. He told those about him, and asked them to tell others, what he wished whispered into his ear when the end would come. At times he would cry out and beg Our Lord, with the simplicity of a tired child, to call him home.

On the twenty-seventh of August he was in a comatose condition all morning. Seated in his chair, with a number of his sorrowing brethren around him, he was an exact copy of the saint in the picture opposite him on the wall—Blessed Realino. A little after mid-day he murmured a prayer. Again he relapsed into coma out of which he never came. Sitting perfectly still from half past two, his cold, colorless hands upon his knees, his head on his breast he slowly sank. The heart, weakening perceptibly, beat fainter each moment until it stopped entirely and allowed the captive soul fly to its Maker to present to Him the good works and continued charities of an apostle's life among the sick, the poor and the orphans.

Telegrams and letters of condolence poured in. The trend of them all was the same—a feeling of sadness and great depression. But the grief of the poor was most touching. In hovel and shack they deplored the loss of a real father.

The funeral was very impressive. At the Mass the whole church wept audibly. In the words of the those who knew him well: "Heaven had gained a saint, earth lost one."—R. I. P.

Father Henry Van Rensselaer.

The funeral of the Rev. Henry Van Renssalaer, S. J., who died on Thursday morning, Oct. 3, in St. Vincent's Hospital, N. Y. city, took place on Saturday morning, Oct. 5, from St. Francis Xavier's church, West Sixteenth street. Fully 3,000 people attended the requiem Mass, every seat and even the side aisles of the church being filled. Outside were many who were unable to gain admittance.

The Xavier Club, of which Father Van Rensselaer was the founder, was represented by nearly the entire membership. There were also present delegations from the New

York Chapter, K. of C.; the A. O. H., the firemen, policemen and letter-carriers.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Very Rev. J. F. Hanselman, S. J., Provincial of the New York–Maryland Province. His Grace Archbishop Farley presided on a throne, assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor J. F. Mooney, V. G., and the Right Rev. Monsignor John Edwards, V. G., as deacons of honor. The other Monsignori present were the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, V. G.; the Right Rev. Monsignor James H. McGean, the Right Rev. Monsignor John F. Kearney, the Very Rev. Monsignor Edward McKenna and the Very Rev. Monsignor W. Murphy. Among the priests were some of the most prominent secular pastors in the city and also members of the Paulists, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Capuchins, Carmelites and Assumptionists.

The final absolution at the close of the Mass was performed by the Archbishop. The burial was in the Jesuit plot in the Fordham University grounds.

Henry Van Rensselaer was born at Ogdensburgh, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, October 21, 1851. His mother was Elizabeth Ray King, daughter of John A. King, twice Governor of New York State, and granddaughter of Rufus King. His father, Henry Van Rensselaer, was the son of the Patroon Stephen Van Rensselaer and Cornelia Paterson. He was educated at West Point, but resigned from the army on his marriage in 1833, and having received from his father a large tract of land on the St. Lawrence. he made his home for more than twenty years at Woodford, a beautiful country seat near Ogdensburgh. Actuated by the same strong sense of duty which was so remarkable in his son and namesake, when the Civil War broke out, in 1861, Mr. Van Rensselaer at once offered his services to his country and was appointed aide to General Scott. When that veteran commander retired, Col. Van Rensselaer was made inspector general with the brevet rank of brigadier general and served with the armies of the Potomac and later on, in the West, where he contracted typhoid fever in the discharge of duty and died in a hotel in Cincinnati.

The family were Episcopalians and extremely pious, so that Henry, from his infancy, was taught to know and love the God to Whose service he was later to consecrate himself. From his mother, to whom he was tenderly devoted, he inherited that love for the poor, which was the keynote of his priestly career. Never would she allow a poor person to be turned from her door, and at Ogdensburgh, after more than half a century, her name is still held in benediction. In the fall of 1855, the family moved to New York for the winter, but one month after they left Woodford the house was struck by lightning and completely destroyed, so they never returned there. Henry was educated at the Charlier Institute and entered Columbia College in 1867, but as his

family had met with financial reverses, he did not remain to graduate, but took a clerk's position in the Bank of Commerce, in 1869.

In 1872, he decided to study for the Protestant Episcopal ministry and spent three years at the Seminary in West Twentieth Street, going from there to Oxford to attend special courses of lectures by distinguished professors—Liddon, King and others.

In December, 1876, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Horatio Potter in Trinity Chapel. He and an intimate friend and fellow student were sent to the parish of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, and later on, to the House of Prayer at Newark.

During this time God called him to the Church. Father Merrick, S. J., who had followed his career and offered many a Mass for his conversion, knew that as a ritualist, the stumbling block was the Papal supremacy, so he sent to him through his old nurse, Allies' See of Peter, which he promised to read and which opened his eyes to the claims of Rome. He held back when on Trinity Sunday he was to be advanced to the priesthood and in the summer of 1877 went abroad with the same friend, now the Rev. Francis P. Mackael, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Midland, Md., who had shared his studies and his convictions, and in September they and his sister were received into the Church in Paris by Mgr. Rogerson.

In May, Mr. Van Rensselaer returned to America, having first received the tonsure from Cardinal McCluskey, who was visiting Paris and who, with his secretary, Fr. Farley, returned to New York on the same steamer. There were also on board three Jesuits going from Rome to the Rocky Mountains. One of them had been in charge of the Roman Observatory, and Fr. Van Rensselaer was much impressed with the humility which could give up an honorable position for the hardships of a missionary's life. They were even travelling second class. He often visited and talked with them, and this chance meeting turned his thoughts to the Sons of St. Ignatius.

He made a retreat at Manresa during the summer and after a visit to Lourdes, entered the Novitiate at Roehampton, England, on November 1, 1878. After pronouncing his vows in 1880, he returned to the United States, as a member of the Maryland–New York Province, to make the usual course of philosophical and theological studies of the Order. These were interrupted for three years, which he spent teaching in Loyola College, Baltimore, and in St. John's College, Fordham. Ordained priest in the summer of 1887, he spent the following years in reviewing his theology and preparing for the ministry. He was then appointed assistant pastor of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, a charge he retained until his death, with the exception

of one year spent at Frederick, Maryland, and four years he spent as assistant editor of the Messenger. His zeal was so many-sided and incessant that volumes could be written without exhausting the story of it.—R. I. P.

Father Neil N. McKinnon.

At St. Ignatius Church, New York, Father Neil N. McKinnon died piously in the Lord, Oct. 9, 1907.

For fourteen years he was pastor at St. Ignatius' Church, and it is no exaggeration to say that for patience and gentleness and kindness of heart to all with whom he had to do Father McKinnon realized to a striking degree, in his life and ministry, the ideal of a true pastor left us by the great Shepherd of Souls—Christ Himself.

Since the day of his death many have been the testimonies to his charity, zeal and forbearance—to quote all is impossible, to quote one or two useless, as they would convey no idea of the widespread esteem and love in which he was held. His tall, gaunt figure and striking appearance were well known throughout the city and marked him apart in any gathering.

During his years as pastor at Eighty-fourth street he gave substantial proof not only of his kindness of heart and prudence as an advisor, but also of his ability as an organizer. Under his guidance, the handsome new church on Park avenue was built, and the Loyola School on Eighty-third street owes to him, as well its inception as its present gratifying success. The new parochial school on Eighty-fourth street, now rapidly nearing completion, is the latest monument to his zeal and industry.

While his popularity and widespread esteem were due, in great part, to his natural endowments, the fact that he spent most of his years as a priest in the vicinity of New York City, and in positions that brought him in close contact with Catholics and non-Catholics, contributed not a little to his being well known.

The chief events in Father McKinnon's life of sixty-five years were the following: He was born at Grand River, Prince Edward Island, Canada, in 1842, and was the sole survivor of a family of three brothers, all as tall as himself. He studied for the priesthood in the seminary at Montreal and was ordained a deacon. Changing his plans, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1868. He made his studies in philosophy and theology at Woodstock, Md., and was ordained there in 1873. Since then his field of activity included St. Francis Xavier's Parish in Sixteenth street, Fordham College, St. Peter's Church and College, Jersey City, and finally St. Ignatius', where he made his longest stay. In 1901 he was appointed Consultor of the Province.

During the last two years of his life, because of failing health, Father McKinnon withdrew somewhat from parochial ministrations, but his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner to all who sought his help remained unimpaired to the end. Last winter he suffered a severe attack of heart trouble, which confined him to his room for months and almost proved his undoing. He never spoke of himself or his ailments, but it was apparent to all that his late illness had left his health seriously shattered. On the first of October he was taken ill again, this time with an attack of acute uræmia, which, joined to the poor condition of his heart, brought on the end.

Father McKinnon was ready to go. His life had been a supernatural one—a life of true self-obliteration, and, therefore, a very good preparation for death. Besides, a few days before he was taken with his last illness, he made a general confession of his whole life, and at his death-bed Father Hanselman—the Provincial—and all the Fathers of St. Ignatius' were present to join in the prayers for the dying.

His funeral was a magnificent tribute of affection and respect from his numerous friends. His Grace, Archbishop Farley, said the Low Mass and gave the last Absolution; priests from many parishes crowded the Sanctuary to its utmost, while the church was filled to overflowing long before the Mass of Requiem began. His remains were taken to Fordham Cemetery, whither many friends followed to witness the last rites over his grave.

The late Bishop of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Peter McIntyre, was, in his declining years very anxious about the appointment of a successor. For this purpose, he went to Rome, and explained to the Propaganda his reasons for the final settlement of the matter. That there might be no difficulty in procuring the desired successor, his Lordship of Charlottetown, in company with Monsignor Kirby, the President of the Irish College at Rome, paid a visit to Father General, then residing at Fiesole, and after explaining to him the object of his mission, begged that his Paternity would permit Father McKinnon to accept the mitre *cum jure successionis* in the See of Charlottetown. Father General, while sympathising with the Bishop, replied that the Society was in need of such men as Father McKinnon, and he deemed it a duty to retain him in it.

On the Sunday following the day of his funeral, affectionate tributes of respect and love were paid his memory by the Fathers at all the Masses and at Vespers, the burden of their prayers being that he may now find mercy, who, while on earth, was so kind and merciful to all.—R. I. P.

Father Thomas Freeman

The Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman was born in Nova Scotia, April 5th, 1841, and died at Fordham, October 14th, 1907. His early life was a struggle with hardship and poverty, and in his boyhood he worked on a coasting schooner which ran down from Nova Scotia to New England. The family finally settled in Rhode Island, where he received his elementary schooling. When well on in young manhood he studied in the Sulpitian College of Montreal, and finally entered the seminary, where he met the future Bishop Tierney, and between them an affectionate friendship began which lasted throughout life. It was the bishop who read the prayers over the coffin as it was lowered into the grave at Fordham.

In 1866 he entered the Novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, outside of Montreal. With him there were Frs. Guldner, Kenney, McKinnon, Campbell, Casey, and Drummond. He did not go to the Juniorate, which was at that time in Quebec, but was sent as Procurator to St. Francis Xavier's in New York. Later on it was the intention of Superiors to devote him to scientific studies, and he therefore followed for a year the course of the School of Mines of Columbia, which was then at Forty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, and afterwards spent some years at Fordham teaching chemistry.

He studied philosophy at Woodstock and his amiable peculiarities, which were supposed to be typically American, made him a great favorite with the community, and recollections of him remained there for many years. While studying theology at Louvain he assisted Fr. Renard in making microscopical examinations of the dredgings of the "Challenger." In fact, it is said he did most of the work which won distinction for Fr. Renard, and subsequently an appointment as Curator in the Royal Museum at Brussels. Unfortunately, his honors and perhaps his incomplete training in theology helped Renard out of the Society.

Fr. Freeman made his tertianship in Frederick under Fr. Colle de Vita, and after that resumed his college work. His occupation was unchanged through his whole life in the Society. Physics and chemistry, sometimes both, sometimes only one, in St. Francis Xavier's, Fordham, Boston, Baltimore, and Woodstock always occupied his attention. Beyond the usual summer retreats to communities he had no ministry. Exception must be made, however, in the matter of the Deaf Mutes, of whom he was the most devoted friend, winning from them a deep and enduring affection by his spiritual care for them for many years. The Sisters in charge of the institution at Throggs Neck were amazed that such a distinguished man as the Fordham professor should concern himself with such a worldly thing as laying out a field, and organizing what was probably the first deaf-mute

baseball club in the country. Later on in New York he and Fr. Van Rensselaer instituted the Deaf-Mute Union in St. Francis Xavier's—a work whose spiritual results are incalculable.

It is to be regretted that Fr. Freeman did not employ to a larger extent than he did the remarkable ability he possessed as a writer on scientific subjects. For some years he furnished the Scientific Chronicle for the *Catholic Quarterly*, with the result of almost immediately doubling the circulation of that publication. The former Archbishop of New Orleans, Mgr. Jansens, used to say that it was impossible not to read with delight his contributions and not to understand the remarkably lucid explanations of scientific topics which for the uninitiated are generally so repellent.

For the last few years of his life Fr. Freeman was an invalid. Though unaware of it, he was afflicted with cancer of the stomach. He was operated on to get at the root of the trouble, or rather on examination the surgeons found it impossible to do anything. They simply stitched up the wound and left him under the impression that something had been done to relieve him. He continued to say Mass until a few weeks of his death, and then his old friend, Fr. Campbell, usually brought him Holy Communion. He was a man of absolute sincerity and simplicity of purpose, a patient and constant toiler at his task until the end, concerning himself very little with the outside world, and seeing few but the most intimate friends; strict in his interpretations of poverty and living always very much within its requirements; never seeking exceptions, and showing in everything connected with his habits of life a scrupulous attention to the practice of that virtue. He was extremely delicate in his thoughts and words, and a thoroughly obedient man. Although at times vehement in the maintenance of an opinion, there was never any bitterness or harshness in his words, and no one, either within or without the Society, ever could be found who was not only not unfriendly to him, but who ever had anything but the kindliest feelings in his regard. His funeral at Fordham was, if one could have a choice of such things, what he would have wished. It was in the graveyard where many of his old friends were buried, and around the coffin stood the college boys and representatives of the two asylums for deaf-mutes, Fordham and Throggs Neck. Bishop Tierney of Hartford, his lifelong friend, was there and gave the last absolution.—R. I. P. *The Fordham Monthly.*

VARIA

ALASKA. *Conditions of the Missions*—Owing to the climate and the scattered condition of the population, Alaska is one of the most difficult missionary fields; but under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, the Catholic religion is progressing satisfactorily. There are now 5,000 Catholics among the 29,000 Esquimos; during the past year 102 adults were baptized, besides 239 children. There are in all at present fifteen churches for the special use of Indians, two having been added during the past year, one at Hamilton on the Yukon River, the other at Mary's, Igloo, on the Seward peninsula. There are five schools in flourishing condition besides a kindergarten, a night school and an industrial club for grown people. One of the Fathers also taught a small school at Koyukuk, but was obliged to relinquish it on account of other missionary duties. The Very Reverend Joseph Crimont, S. J., Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, has good hopes and plans for the coming year. "My ambition", he writes, "would be early next Spring to make provisions for a school at Mary's, Igloo, (a boarding school, if possible). This is a village situated in the Sawtooth Mountain, about eighty miles due north of Nome. We have twenty Catholic natives there. With some organization, the place could be made a religious centre, where we could gather into a flourishing community many of the natives scattered along the coast, who find it more and more difficult to eke out a poor living. The Government is beginning to build schools in that district. The Swedish missionaries are becoming alarmed over the movement of the natives towards the Catholic faith, and feel that we are encroaching upon their ground. They are indeed in possession of the best places, but are losing their hold upon the natives who are discontented at the manner in which the Swedish missionaries treat them. Some of these people, coming in touch with our Catholics, are simply amazed at our religion and say that it is the best of all religions. We have, therefore, now open to us the best of opportunities to spread the Kingdom of God in that territory. It is heart-rending to think that owing to the scarcity of missionaries and the lack of means, the evangelization has been so pitifully hampered, set back and perhaps compromised forever".—*Report of Mission Work among the Negroes and Indians, Jan. 1908.*

AUSTRIA. *Innsbruck*—The officers of the Theologians' Academy for the scholastic year, 1907-1908, were President, Father Eyckmans: Vice-President, Mr. Bangha: Secretary,

Mr. Storck. The following are the dates of the meetings, and the subjects of papers read and discussed: On October 12, President Eyckmans, and Vice-President Bangha explained the object of the Academy, and proposed the plan of the year's work.

November 10. P. Koch, S. J., of the German Province, addressed the Academy on the importance for Ours of a study of the social question, and of the necessity of treating the subject in our Retreats, especially in those to the men.

November 17. These extracts were presented: Prof. Göttsberger's speech in this year's Catechetical course at Munich, by Mr. Müller: Bad Priests,—Some Statistics, by Mr. Kotnik: Socialists—Revisionists in particular, Mr. Boegle: A Protestant Apology of the Divinity of Christ, P. Eyckmans.

November 24. Modernism, by Father Joseph Müller, Professor of Dogma.

December 1. Meeting of members who proposed to report on the Encyclical, "Pascendi".

December 15. Extracts: Protestant Moral, by Mr. Tappeiner: Emmanuel—picture in chapel of Sancta Sanctorum in Rome, by Mr. Garcia: Modernism and Rationalism, by Mr. D'Arcy: T. Reinke on Science and Religion, by Mr. Storck: The Mission House in Washington, D. C., by P. Jaros: Co-education in America, by P. Eyckmans: And a Natural Explanation of the Supernatural, by Mr. Somoygi.

December 22. Extract of Friedwalt's Novel "Catholic Students", by Mr. Storck.

December 29. Discussion on same. Mr. Darcy defended—Mr. Storck objected—Father Müller presided.

January 2. Continuation of discussion.

January 19. The subject of Friedwalt's Novel in its moral aspect—P. Jez defended—Mr. Storck objected—Father Noldin presided.

February 9. Dogmatic worth of the Syllabus, Encyclical and Motu Proprio—by Father Müller.

February 16. Continuation of same—Discussion.

March 8. Scientific grounds for the Principle of Free Thought, by Mr. Bernard—Discussion.

March 25. A criticism of Prof. Ehrhard's article on A New Position in Catholic Theology, by Mr. Müller—Discussion.

March 29. The French Modernists, by Mr. Rainer.

April 5. Revelation and Faith according to Father Tyrrell, by Mr. D'Arcy—Discussion.

Rev. Father Rector was present at many of the meetings.

For many years Dr. Ludwig Wahrmund has been the Professor of Catholic Canon Law in the Judicial faculty of of the University here. A pamphlet of his, "Katholische Weltanschauung und Freie Wissenschaft", which he published recently, has elicited a pretty severe criticism from

Father Fonck, S. J., our Professor of Scripture, and has been the cause of the present high excitement among the whole Catholic population of Tyrol. And no wonder. For a more bitter attack on our religion, and on its Holy Founder has never been made in Austria. Not content with the brochure he was bold enough to speak openly and blasphemously against the firm faith of nine-tenths of the Austrian people. Ten thousand copies of P. Fonck's criticism, were widely distributed. The results are marvellous. Wahrmund's booklet was promptly confiscated by the authorities in Vienna. And his appeal to both the lower and higher courts was in vain. Then, meetings of protest in which resolutions asking for Wahrmund's removal from the University faculty were passed, followed in quick succession. The one here and at Brixen were especially telling. At the latter city seven thousand were present to hear, among other prominent speakers, the Prince-Bishop of Tyrol.

Another factor in the present opposition to Wahrmund is the publication of a list of theses, which as Catholic Professor of Canon Law, he taught from 1904-1907, and which he copied for the most part from the Protestant, Otto Pfleiderer. The following quotations from the theses taken by Father Fonck from six stenographic reports of Wahrmund's lectures, show what he taught about Scripture, Christ, Origin of Christianity, Foundation of the Church and about the Sacraments.

"Jehovah was surely an oracle-god of Mt. Sinai—a god of the weather or a god of war".

"The Gospel of St. Mark is the oldest. It was written at Rome about 70 A. D., by a disciple of St. Paul. The Gospels of Matthew and Luke, were beyond doubt, written in the first half of the 2nd century. The Acts appeared about the same time. The Gospel of St. John has no historical value. It is a doctrinal work, written with a distinct purpose about the middle of the 2nd century".

"Christ was a simple Jew, who scarcely ever left Galilee and Judea". "St. Paul was much more talented and gifted than Christ, for he had received his education in Greece".

"We have not sufficient historical information about the life and work of Christ. The sum of Christ's teaching, according to the evangelists, was merely a change of religion, and the announcement of the coming of God's Kingdom."

"The origin of Christianity must be in a similar, nay, in the same way, considered as the beginning of the German Empire. For scientific reasons the traditional teaching of the origin and development of the church is no longer accepted".

"Christ had no thought of founding a church. The testimony of the Gospels on this point are not trustworthy".

"The Episcopacy and the Primacy developed in the second and third centuries, gradually and from purely natural courses".

"Baptism and Confirmation were not recognized as two different sacraments before the 12th century".

"The form of the Eucharist consists in the repetition of 'Domine non sum dignus', and of the recitation at the end of 'Corpus Domini Nostri' ".

"The Sacrament of Matrimony was instituted by the church in the 12th century".

Such has been the teaching of Prof. Wahrmund for the past four years in a Catholic institution—but, thanks to the government of Vienna, it is now at an end, for according to the latest report, the earnest petition of the Catholic people of Tyrol has been granted, and Dr. Wahrmund is removed from the teaching staff of the Innsbruck University.

BELGIUM. *The Bollandists and their Work*—The article of Father Thurston, S. J., which appeared in the *Tablet* of July 27, 1907, is well worth preserving in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. We are sure it will give great pleasure to ours everywhere.

There are probably a considerable number of quite respectable educated persons who would be a good deal puzzled if they were asked by an inquiring friend to explain what was meant by a Bollandist. Neither perhaps would the friend in question feel very much enlightened if he were told that the Bollandists were a society of Jesuit hagiographers. Still hagiographer is a term recognized by the Oxford English Dictionary and illustrated by authorities so respectable as Sir James Fitzjames Stephen and John Henry Newman. It means according to the dictionary "a writer of saints' lives; a hagiologist", and hagiologist in turn is defined to be "a writer of hagiology, one versed in the legends of saints". If we wish to be very accurate in our use of terms we shall do well to hold on to this last definition. Contrary to a not uncommon impression, the Bollandists do not devote their energies to *writing* the lives of the Saints. Ever since the first volume of the great series of the "Acta Sanctorum" was published by Father John Bollandus in the year 1643, this good Jesuit who gave his name to the enterprise and his *confrères* who have continued the work during more than two centuries have been collectors and editors but not primarily authors. Their task has been to search out and classify materials, to print what seemed to be the most reliable sources of information concerning the saints venerated by the Church and to illustrate points of difficulty.

Beginning in 1643 with two folio volumes which included all the saints of January, the work has steadily grown more and more elaborate and proportionately more bulky. The months of February, March, and April occupy three volumes each. May takes up eight if we count a so-called "Propylaeum", which includes certain prefatory dissertations; and June again seven volumes. Still the work progressed with

quite reasonable expedition, and in 1714, at the death of Father Papenbroek, the companion of Father Bollandus and the ablest of all the early Bollandists, the first six months of the year were practically completed. July, August, and September, which numbered between them 21 volumes, also followed between 1719 and 1762 with a regularity which was very creditable to the handful of Fathers, never numbering more than three or four at one time, engaged upon the work. Then after the publication of three volumes for the early part of October a great blow fell upon the undertaking in the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773. Up to this date 50 volumes had been brought out in 130 years, but now a very broken period was to intervene. With the aid of several of the Premonstratensian monks of Tongerloe, some little progress was made with October, even though the French Revolution was raging, but when the newly created French Republic became masters of Belgium, the Premonstratensians of Tongerloe were themselves driven out and the Bollandist "Museum", *i.e.*, the collection of transcripts, books and other materials which had been accumulated during a century and a half for the prosecution of the "Acta Sanctorum", was confiscated and to some extent dispersed.

Many of these documents were never recovered, some in the end were brought back after the restoration of the Society of Jesus by the religious brethern of their former proprietors, the great bulk eventually found their way into the "Burgundian" library at Brussels, which is to all intents and purposes the National Library of Belgium. It is a curious example of life's little ironies in the domain of religious confiscation that at the present moment the former Bollandist, Father Van den Gheyn, S. J., is curator of the manuscripts in the Burgundian Library, and is consequently paid by the Belgian Government to look after the documents which in earlier centuries were accumulated by his *confrères*. It is largely to Father Van den Gheyn that we owe the excellent "Catalogue des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque royale de Belgique", but the demands made upon his time by these official duties have unfortunately necessitated his resigning any further active co-operation in the work of the "Acta Sanctorum". Let it also be said in passing that if the Bollandists are no longer actually in possession of their own, they are and have long been treated with the utmost consideration by the officials of the National Library. Books are readily lent them for their work, and no difficulty is made about their retaining at the Collège St. Michel such volumes as they need and for so long a time as may be necessary. But to return to the series of the „Acta Sanctorum".

An inscription between two laurel sprays which decorates the first page of the recent volumes of the series contains the following data: "Acta Sanctorum Omnium Annuntiata,

A. MDCVII. Publicari Coepta, A. MDCXLIII. Intermiss, A. MDCCXCVI. Resumpta, A. MDCCCXXXVII". Whence we learn that the scheme of this great undertaking was first propounded by Father Rosweyde (to whom Bollandus afterwards succeeded) in 1607; that the first volumes appeared in 1643, that the work had to be temporarily abandoned in 1796, but after the restoration of the Society of Jesus it was resumed again in 1837. In 1845 the seventh volume for October was published in two parts at Brussels. Since then nine other volumes have appeared, and the tenth will be ready at an early date. Perhaps to those unacquainted with the circumstances this may seem to be but a slender output for the labours of seventy years, but in reality it would be difficult to speak too highly of the patient industry which has carried the Belgian Jesuits through a succession of difficulties under which any other undertaking might have succumbed. These obstacles have been of the most varied kind, dispersion of materials, lack of funds, difficulties with publishers and printers, political disturbances, and, last but not least, the ravages of death among their own associates. The loss of two men of the highest promise, Father de Tinnebroek, who, even before his ordination, was mainly responsible for the vast array of materials collected to illustrate the Life of St. Theresa, and Father Matagne, the Orientalist, both at the very beginning of their career, was almost irreparable. In the interval which followed the publication of the twelfth volume for October in 1867 every one of the Fathers engaged upon the work was carried off by death, so that its successor had to be brought out by entirely new hands. No wonder that seventeen years elapsed before it issued from the press. At the present moment the position of affairs is this. The thirteenth and last volume for October appeared in 1883. The first volume for November, containing the Saints of the first three days, was published in 1887. Of the second volume for November, a first part was issued in 1894, and this contains the Saints of November 4 and 5, together with a most valuable supplement contributed by Mgr. L. Duchesne and the Commendatore G. B. de Rossi, upon the Hieronymian Martyrologium and its relation to a Syriac Calendar of the fourth century published by Wright. The second part of this volume II. for November, which is intended to include the great life of St. Charles Borromeo, for which Father Van Ortroy is understood to have been collecting materials for some thirty years past, has not yet seen the light. In the meantime a supplementary volume of Greek Synaxaries was published by Father H. Delehaye in 1902, and the third volume for November now at press will include all the Saints from November 5 to November 8. It is expected to appear in the course of next year.

To those who may have been familiar with the cramped and inconvenient premises in the old Collège St. Michel,

where the Bollandists until quite recently were compelled to stow away their vast collection of books and periodicals, the splendid library constructed in accordance with their own special requirements in the new college of the same name is likely to prove a most delightful surprise.

It was my privilege a few weeks ago to pay the Fathers a visit for the first time since their removal to their new abode and I can hardly exaggerate the favourable impression left upon me both by the Bollandist quarters and the magnificent building of which they form a part. Situated on the high ground on the north side of the city, some half-a-mile beyond the great triumphal arch of the Parc du Cinquantenaire, the new college, from its upper windows at least, commands a view of almost the whole of Brussels. Even in contrast with the relatively pure air of this most cleanly of cities, one seems to fill one's lungs and to breathe more freely on the height. Moreover, apart from the occasional bugle-calls or the rumbling of guns along the Boulevard Militaire, upon which the College is situated, the worker is little disturbed by noise. It is not yet two years since the Fathers have taken possession of their new residence. A whole wing of the building still remains unfinished, and some 500 boys continue to attend the classes of the old St. Michel in the Rue des Ursulines, the destruction of part of which to make room for a projected railway has occasioned the removal of the College to the suburbs. But the installation of the Bollandist portion of the establishment is complete. After a prodigious amount of hard work the books have been got into their places, and, even though much still needs to be done to make the catalogue quite efficient, the treasures of the library, with the kindly help of one of the staff, can generally be found without notable delay.

My arrival chanced to fall upon an auspicious occasion, when the community were celebrating the honour paid to the little Société des Bollandistes—this is the term which, in their official stamp and notepaper, replaces the ancient "Hagiographi Bollandiani"—by the decoration of Officer[1] de l'Ordre de Léopold recently conferred upon their venerable doyen, Father Charles de Smedt. Father de Smedt, who is the founder of the well known "Analecta Bollandiana", and who has presided over the organisation of the "Acta Sanctorum" for more than thirty years, is at present the only link which connects the modern Bollandists with the older generation of Victor and Remy de Buck, and their predecessors of still earlier date. To his initiative, when rector a few years since of the old St. Michel. is mainly due the magnificent building now erected in the Boulevard Militaire, and the brilliant ribbon and cross which he was wearing for the first time on the day of my arrival seemed to give

[1] I may point out that the Officer represents a higher grade than the ordinary Chevalier.

additional point to his genial welcome and to the very pardonable pride with which he called my attention to the splendid proportions, the convenient arrangement, and the great capabilities of their new library. Though Father de Smedt, owing to age and failing health, has now to leave the heavier part of the work to his younger associates, Fathers H. Delehaye and Albert Poncelet, he has by no means withdrawn from co-operation in the general plan of campaign. He has, for example, just completed an article upon the Bollandists which will appear in the forthcoming volume of the new Catholic Encyclopædia, and, as he formerly wrote upon St. Winefride in the first volume of the "Acta Sanctorum" for November, so he is still making himself responsible for most of the Celtic Saints in the volume shortly to appear. On the other hand, Father Delehaye, a critic of rare insight whose plain speaking has not always found favour with devout readers of a more conservative school, is likely before long to be still better known in England than he is already. In the first place a translation of his book "Les Légendes Hagiographiques", which has everywhere been received with enthusiasm, will be published in a few days as the third volume of the Westminster Library; and, secondly, he has been invited to contribute articles on the Bollandists and other hagiographical subjects to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica". Father Poncelet, who for some years past has shared with Father Delehaye the main burden of the Bollandist undertakings, is perhaps best known for the magnificent "Bibliotheca Hagiographica Latina", a detailed catalogue of all the Latin lives of Saints hitherto accessible in print, for which he is mainly responsible. Both the last named are comparatively young men with, we hope, many years of usefulness before them. Both of them in their special subjects—Father Delehaye more particularly in Greek hagiography, Father Poncelet in the Latin biographies of the Merovingian and Carolingian period—have won a position in the front rank which no one of their continental rivals, however much they may differ in creed or in sympathies, would dream of contesting. Father Van Ortroy, whose profound but hitherto unpublished researches in connexion with St. Charles Borromeo I have already alluded to, is also a scholar exceptionally well known in England. He has published in the "Analecta Bollandiana" a contemporary English life of Blessed John Fisher which has usefully supplemented Father Bridgett's admirable biography. Moreover, he has of late found abundant occupation in the study of the early Franciscan movement, in which, along with Mr. Montgomery Carmichael and some distinguished modern Franciscans, *il a fait école* in his opposition to many of the conclusions of M. Paul Sabatier.

Much of the Bollandist work of the past years, especially since the lamented death of Father Matagne, has suffered from the lack of an Orientalist specially competent to deal with those Syriac, Arabic, Armenian and Slavonic materials, the importance of which, particularly for the earlier periods of Christian history, has of late been increasingly recognised. This want is now supplied by the energetic young Father whose name stands last in the list upon the title-page of the "Analecta Bollandiana". Father Paul Peeters has already given such evidence of his competence to deal with Oriental subjects as to raise hopes of great work in future years in the unfortunately all-too-wide field now open before him.

Lastly, mention may be made of a still younger associate not yet ordained, whose ancestral connection with Antwerp is attested by the historic name of Moretus which he bears. His articles and reviews in the "Analecta" are in several ways remarkable, and personally I have to thank him for pointing out what I now believe to be the true solution, in various points where I had found difficulty, and had consequently blundered.[1] His study also of Cardinal Rampolla's Greek and Latin text of the important life of St. Melania the younger, which in a condensed form is likely shortly to be introduced to English readers, seem to me to throw a flood of light upon the relation of these two documents of Syrian and Roman origin.

As may be gathered incidentally from what has been said above, a very large amount of the energy of the little band of Bollandist writers has of late years been diverted in the direction of their periodical publication the "Analecta". At the same time, apart from the extreme value of this review for all who are interested in the perplexing problems suggested by the early lives of the Saints, it should be said that the materials furnished by the "Analecta" and by other such subsidary works as the Catalogues of the Greek and Latin hagiographical MSS. of the "Bibliothèque Nationale" in Paris, or of those contained in the libraries of Belgium and Italy, are all calculated to facilitate greatly in the long run the work of the "Acta Sanctorum" itself. It is precisely by reason of the foundations thus laid, and also of the new and immensely more convenient premises which the Bollandists now have at their disposal, that we may confidently look forward to more rapid progress in future years with the great undertaking which constitutes their chief *raison d'être*.

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[1] For instance his article on the "Vita Antiquissima St. Gregorii" in support of Abbot Butler has convinced me that I was wrong in maintaining that the author of the life wrote with Bede's Ecclesiastical History before him. See *Analecta Bollandiana* (1907), vol. xxvi., pp. 66 sqq.; *The Journal of Theological Studies* (1906), pp. 312-3; *The Month*, October, 1904, p. 337, sqq.

Finally, it may be noted that in the new Bollandist establishment provision is made not only for those privileged friends who, as I have good reason to know, are most generously given the free run of the library and all that it contains, but a special room is set apart for any scholars and outside visitors who may wish to make use of a collection which in the domain of hagiography and kindred subjects is probably unrivalled.

Visitors to Belgium have now-a-days many opportunities of observing the continual advance—interrupted for awhile by the Boer war—in the assimilation of English customs. The student at work in the library of the Bollandists may look out upon a playground where he will see some hundreds of sturdy lads busied, as energetically and, I may add, as scientifically, over a game of football as any of our boys in an English college. I venture to predict that the day is not far distant when *The Tablet* will be chronicling the result of a match between the "soccer" team of Stonyhurst or Beaumont and the representatives of the Collége St. Michel at Brussels. One incident, equally characteristic of the spirit now prevalent, which interested me much during my stay, was an invitation I received to be present at a meeting of "the English Academy" in the College. There I found a score of lads assembled in a large and pleasant room under the presidency of Father Willaert, a Belgian Father whose own English enjoys the distinction of being absolutely faultless. All the proceedings were conducted in English, from the reading of the minutes of the last meeting to the final discussion, and they included both a recitation and an original essay, both followed by criticisms in which nearly all present took part. It would not be easy to devise a better arrangement for keeping fresh that colloquial knowledge of our language, which, as I found upon inquiry, had mostly been acquired originally from English nurses at quite a tender age. Of course, the association of the Bollandist establishment, which in the old days before the Suppression was domiciled at Antwerp, with the College St. Michel at Brussels is a purely accidental one, but the cheerful activity of a big school is not perhaps without its beneficial influence upon the minds of those who are otherwise so uninterruptedly absorbed in the study of the past.

CALIFORNIA. *St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco—Rev. Fr. Sasia on Education and a Greater St. Ignatius College.* Speaking to the toast "St. Ignatius College and Its Faculty" at the Alumni banquet held in the Fairmount Hotel, Fr. Sasia delivered a notable address from which the following excerpt is taken: "In connection with the rapid, phenomenal rebuilding of our city I may be allowed to remark that the best guarantee of the future prosperity and lasting glory of our metropolis lies, not so much in the multitude, magnificence and solidity of its edifices, as in the unselfish

loyalty, peerless integrity and spotless virtue of its citizens; qualities which neither earthquake nor fire can destroy; and to foster which has always been the chief aim of the presidents and faculties of St. Ignatius College. Moreover, the Jesuit Fathers have not been backward in the rehabilitation race. In the space of a few months a temporary college, church and residence have been erected at a considerable sacrifice. And, with God's help, and the co-operation of our fellow-citizens, with the generosity of our benefactors and friends we earnestly hope to be able, at no distant time, to build a church and college that will be a monument worthy of the faith, zeal and enterprise of the Catholic Church in California. And, as our newly-rebuilt city will be rightly called the Greater San Francisco, so our new structures will be such, we trust, as to deserve to be styled the Greater St. Ignatius College. Yes, greater, indeed, not only on account of its more splendid edifices, but especially because it is to be something more than a college, it is destined to be the Catholic University of California; under the joint management of two sister colleges, Santa Clara and St. Ignatius. You are, no doubt, aware of the fact that the Society of Jesus already possesses in this republic five universities, in Georgetown, St. Louis, New York, Omaha and Milwaukee. As westward the star of the Empire takes its course, so we hope soon to see on the shores of the broad Pacific, perfectly organized and fully equipped, the new Catholic University of San Francisco".

CANADA. *Nova Scotia.—Presentation of a Gold Chalice to Father Campbell.*

The *Casket* of Nova Scotia states that a fine gold chalice, ciborium, and cruets were presented to Father Campbell, S. J., on the eve of his departure. It was upon no holiday he came to the country, but to work in the Master's vineyard, and work he did, without intermission, from the day he opened at Thorburn, on June 10, till he preached his last sermon and heard his last confession at Iona on October 29. He gave nineteen Missions, which were attended in every case by the people of more than one parish, and himself alone heard as many as 7,428 confessions. None but a man of his powerful physique could have stood the strain, especially of sitting hour after hour and day after day in the confessional, than which no work is more wearing. The task he set himself to do was "herculean"—he who wrought at the task knew best the greatness of it, and the word is his own. Only at the last great assize will the amount of good he accomplished be known, the hearts that were won to repentance by his preaching, the souls set free from the toils of sin in the tribunal of penance. His memory will long be held in benediction among us, and the impression produced by his own genial personality will not soon be effaced.

The following is a translation of the Gaelic address presented to Father Campbell on the occasion, which stated that; "On the eve of your return to the old land we wish to tender you our heartfelt thanks for the great work you have done among us. 'They went forth in tears sowing the seed, but they shall come with joy bringing their sheaves with them'. These words of the royal Psalmist fittingly apply to your case. Great has been the boon you have conferred upon us. Our tears have flowed with those of our people, whose burden you have lightened, whom you have filled with new courage and strength. The seed of the Gospel has been sown broadcast; and you have cause to return with joy and exultation, for many a full sheaf has been garnered in witness of the husbandman's unwearied and fruitful toil. We make no doubt at all, Very Reverend Father, that it was God who sent you to us at this time. After ten decades of years, it is little wonder that the ties which bound us to our motherland should show symptoms of weakening. We of the younger generation are too prone to forget amid the bustle of this world the brave ones who came hither as pioneers to plant in a new soil the ancestral faith, and so conserve it to their offspring. And for this very reason there was danger that our love for the faith should grow cold. Your coming has revived our interest in the traditions of our fathers and called to our minds the hardships they endured for the Faith. And so our love for Holy Mother Church is enlivened. We are confident that it has taken deep root in the hearts that have felt the winning power of the Gospel you have so forcibly preached; that the name and fame of Sagart Mor na H-Alba will be an inspiration and a strengthening in the Faith to generations yet unborn. We are about to part, beloved Father, but our parting is not without hope. We shall cherish the thought that our gallant captain in the army of the Lord is to come once more to show us how to fight the good fight and win the crown. But should 'ye nae came back again' we shall still look forward, through God's mercy, to a joyous reunion in the land of the living. Accept, then, at parting, as a souvenir of your stay amongst us, this chalice with cruets and ciborium, not indeed for the value in the coin of the realm, but for their symbolism and their consecration to the service of the 'High Priest'. When you drink of the Blood of Christ, and communicate His Body to the faithful, remember, we pray you, the friends you have left behind in this new world, who fain would share in the fruits of the finished Sacrifice. With this word, then, we bid you adieu. May God bless you, and Mary, Star of the Sea, light you on your way.

Father Campbell, in reply said: "I hardly know how to express my feelings adequately, for this additional kind-

ness on the part of the clergy and people of this diocese. Since the day on which I started my first Mission in Thorburn, until the very end in Iona, I have been the recipient of innumerable acts of kindness on the part of priests and people; in fact, I have lived in one wild hurricane of welcome and hospitality. Though the work has been herculean, and in a sense a '*tour de force*', still I have been upheld by the magnificent way in which they responded to my humble efforts. When I offer the Holy Sacrifice with this beautiful chalice you have presented to me and distribute Holy Communion with the ciborium, I shall ever remember the dear Catholics of Nova Scotia and their devoted pastors. I again thank the priests of this diocese, quite irrespective of nationality, and I sincerely hope that the welcome and hospitality I have experienced is but a guarantee of the welcome I shall have on the Eternal Shores".

Retreat to Workmen.—Here is a list of figures, which speaks most eloquently of the great work our Fathers of Belgium have done since the establishment of retreats for workingmen.

		Retreats	Excercitants
Fayt,	1891—1907	602	23,721
Ghent,	1896—1907	464	14,822
Arlon,	1896—1907	281	8,145
Lierre,	1899—1907	420	17,685
Xhovèmont,	1907—1907	283	10,485
Alken,	1905—1907	96	3,385
Total - - -		2,106	78,243

Pope Leo XIII. blessed the work in 1901, again it was blessed by Pope Pius X. in 1904. All the bishops of Belgium have also blessed it.

CEYLON.—The Ecclesiastical Returns of the Galle Diocese for 1906-07 are as follows, viz:—

Baptisms of adults,	1. Protestant - - -	36
	2. Heathens - - -	178
Baptisms of children,	1. of Catholic parents -	316
	2. of non-Cath. parents	182
Total - - - - - -		712

Confessions, 26,502; communions, 42,610; confirmations, 98; Extreme Unctions, 95; marriages, 1) solemnized, 60; 2) validated, 71. Number of Catholics, 9,016. Schools, 38, with 2,167 boys and 951 girls.

Although these returns show the largest number of baptisms since we came to Ceylon, the Catholic population is a trifle smaller than last year, owing to a large number of Catholic Coolies having left the Tea Estates in the Yatiyantota District.

The number of confirmations is also smaller than usual, as our venerated Bishop, Mgr. Jos. Van Reeth, S. J., was in Europe the greater part of the year.

I am somewhat late in sending you these returns, because I have been hoping all this time I could give you the news that we had acquired the site we wanted for building a new college at Galle. The negotiations had to be carried on most secretly, as it was to be feared that if the owners of the plots of land came to know that we were the buyers, prices would have been enormously inflated. Even as it is we had to pay a good deal. Our rivals, the Buddhists, have fared much better. Soon after negotiations had started on our account, some influential and rich Buddhists made a present of a splendid site to Mahinda College, whilst some others are responsible for building several portions of it. The principal, a theosophist called F. L. Woodward, M. A., the son of an Anglican clergyman, is collecting money from all quarters through the medium of theosophical publications. So it is to be feared that American dollars will again promote Buddhism to retard the Christianisation of Ceylon, and particularly of the Galle Diocese. About seven years ago, the Buddhist College was on the point of breathing its last, when the famous Colonel Olcott came to the rescue and breathed new life into it, so much so that now it is a very flourishing institution.

The splendid work at Hiniduma continues through the zeal of Father J. M. Schaefer. Another centre, which is going full speed ahead, is the one at Kegalla, with Father A. M. Verstraeten at the helm.

Amongst the notable events of last year must be mentioned the completion of a new church and convent at Matara (28 miles E. of Galle). On the 4th of August, the blessing of the new church was witnessed by a jubilant crowd. Before the end of September, the Ocean made a sudden onslaught on the new building. A fine road was washed away and finally the sea knocked down the enclosure wall. Now, the Sea is again far away from our buildings, but it is prudent to protect them against another unpleasant surprise. For this purpose, a rather costly dam will have to be constructed at our expense.—*Letter of Fr. J. Cooreman.*

ENGLAND. *Workingmen's Retreats Begun in England.*—On the eve of St. Joseph's day Father Assistant sent, through the Holy Father's private Secretary, a petition to His Holiness begging a blessing on the plan of holding workingmen's retreats in England. This petition had come from the Father Provincial of England.

The Holy Father, to whom this work is very dear, wrote with his own hand at the foot of the petition the following words :—

"Salutare consilium commendantes, dum dilecto filio auctori perquam plurimas agimus gratias, cunctis sanctissimæ

institutioni quoquomodo contribuentibus Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter impertimus.

Die 21 Martii 1908.

PIUS P. P. X."

The first of these retreats under our care is to be given in a few months at Stonyhurst by Fr. Power to 50 men of the neighborhood. The work was organized by the Sodality at Accrington. One of the English theologians, Mr. Charles Plater, S. J., has written a strong plea for our pushing the work. It forms one of the penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England.

The *Letters and Notices*, for April, 1908, gives some further information concerning this excellent work.

We hasten to communicate to our readers the good news which has just reached us on going to press, that a great step has been taken by the English Province for the strengthening of the Catholic spirit among workingmen. A large house with some ten acres of ground beautifully situated at Marple, Manchester, has been secured for the purpose of Retreats to workingmen, and was opened on St. Joseph's feast, with the blessing and encouragement of the Holy Father and of Rev. Father General, and the hearty approval of some five Bishops of the English Hierarchy.

In a matter like this some practical difficulties had to be considered: Would the men of our industrial towns come to these Retreats? How are we to get at them? How are they to find the time and opportunity? How are the expenses to be met? etc. Viewing the matter in this way, it was thought by many that the splendid work which is being accomplished by our Fathers in Belgium, could not be carried through in this country with any measure of success. These difficulties, however, seem to be in a fair way of being overcome. Owing to the thorough spirit of the workingmen at Accrington, who are anxious to lead the way in this matter of workingmen's Retreats, and to the zeal and generosity of the Rector of Stonyhurst, it had been arranged that a "Men's Retreat" should be given at Stonyhurst during the Bank Holiday week in August. With admirable generosity the men of our Lady's Sodality, Accrington, expressed their willingness to give up four days of their hard-earned holidays for this purpose. We believe also that a Retreat fund has been opened at the Sodality club to meet expenses. Father Matthew Power, S. J., of Edinburgh, has been selected to give this first Retreat, and a better choice could not have been made, seeing that Father Power has shown such enthusiastic zeal in his work for men. It is said that the Retreat will begin on Saturday, August 8th. As one of the objects of these Retreats to our Catholic working-men is to stem the tide of Socialistic revolution which is advancing with such alarming rapidity in the great ndus trial centres, it is hoped that the example set by the

members of our Lady's Sodality in Accrington will be followed by the Guild-men of Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Wigan, St. Helens, to be taken up by men-sodalities in the large cities of Yorkshire and of the rest of England. Father Provincial, in speaking of the matter at the opening of his visitation at Manresa House (March 19th, the day of the opening of the house at Marple), recommended this new apostolic work most earnestly to the prayers of Ours, that from small beginnings it may develop like the mustard-seed of the Gospel into a great organization for the furtherance of the Catholic religion and of God's greater glory.

It should be added that the house at Marple is not intended for Retreats to workingmen only, but will be also used for Retreats to gentlemen.

The King of Spain at Beaumont.—In fulfilment of a long-standing promise, the King of Spain paid a visit to Beaumont College on Monday, December 2nd. He motored down from Kensington Palace, accompanied by the Duke of Alba and Berwick, an old Beaumont boy, and the Marquis de la Torrecilla. He was received at the main entrance by the Rector, Father Bampton, S. J., and staff, and conducted to the school theatre. Here the boys were assembled to greet him, and, in their name, the Rector addressed a few words of welcome to his Majesty, and thanked him, for the honor of his visit. On rising to reply, the King was received with an ovation such as only English schoolboys can give. He said he could not leave England without coming to Beaumont, where members of his own family had received their education—alluding to his cousins, the Infantes Alfonso and Luis Fernando—he had desired to see for himself a school he knew so well by repute, and he concluded by urging the boys to profit by the opportunities they were enjoying. As he was speaking, he recognized some young friends and subjects of his own in the crowd before him, and he desired them to be presented to him. The Spanish boys in the school accordingly came forward, eight in all, and the King shook hands with each and inquired in the kindest terms after their families and friends. Finally, he asked the Rector to grant a whole holiday in honor of his visit and retired, amid the renewed cheers of the boys, to make a tour of the school. He inspected everything with the closest attention, displaying special interest in everything concerning the sports and amusements of the boys, asking many questions about English methods of education, and comparing them with those of his own country. After a stay of about an hour and a half, during which he charmed everybody by his affability and courtesy, he left on his return to Kensington Palace, receiving from the assembled school a send-off as enthusiastic as his welcome had been.—*Tablet.*

An Old Beaumont Boy decorated.—A Companionship of the Distinguished Service Order has been awarded to an old

Beaumont boy, Lieut.-Colonel Ladislas Pope-Hennessy, for his work with the West African Frontier Force in Uganda, where, as Commandant of the 4th Battalion of the King's African Rifles, he has seen many months of continuous service.

Stonyhurst College. The Observatory.—Sixty years of continuous observations of the meteorological elements were completed at our observatory at the end of 1907. The opportunity has been taken to overhaul all the records, an onerous work undertaken by Br. Wm. M'Keon, so as to eliminate the errors in the processes of reduction of the observations which had crept in during so long a period. The result is, to quote from the notes to the present issue of the yearly Report just published, ' that every single error has been expunged, and every figure and statement made, either regarding the year 1907 itself, or the 60 years' period of observation is perfectly trustworthy.'' The form of the monthly tables in the Report has also been altered so that one can see at a glance the extreme readings in barometric pressure, temperature, rainfall, and wind velocity for each month during the last 60 years. At the end of the monthly tables there is also given a very interesting statement of the extreme readings of the meteorological instruments for the whole 60 years period.

The Prefect of Studies (Fr. H. Davis) has inaugurated a system of French and English correspondence between students of the Jesuit Commercial College at Antwerp and Stonyhurst. The advantages of the correspondence are too obvious to need comment. Letters are despatched about once every ten days, and the replies are received shortly after despatch. The efforts of foreign boys to express themselves in English are, we suppose, not less extraordinary than our own efforts in French ; all the same the correspondence should be very valuable to those who are willing to spend a little time and labor on composition. We are informed that any boy from Rhetoric down to Elements may join the class. There are already about thirty members in the class.

Father Cortie has been elected to serve for another term on the council of the Royal Astronomical Society.

The Stonyhurst Discs for the measurement of the positives of sun-spots have been published by Messrs. Casella & Co. They have been highly praised in the Journal of the British Astronomical Association for February last.

At the last annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society, it was strongly recommended, not for the first time, that the Society should make an effort to produce in a sixpenny form, Fr. Gerard's '' The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer.'' Prof. Windle spoke in high praise of the work as the best refutation he knew in any language of popular rationalism. We are very glad to see that these aspirations

have been realised, and that it is now possible for the wide public who read Haeckel at 6d., to obtain the antidote at the same price.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. *New Addition to the Hospital.*—The annual banquet of the Georgetown University Hospital, which was held at the hospital on the night of Feb. 21, proved a most happy occasion for the authorities, when Abraham Lisner, one of the guests, offered a donation sufficiently large to pay for the construction of a new building, that has been greatly desired. The banquet was tendered to the staff of the hospital by the Sisters of St. Francis, under whose care the institution is maintained.

Dr. J. Taber Johnson presided. He said that thirty-three beds were in the hospital in 1898, the year in which it was established, and assistance at various times had made it possible to increase this number to one hundred at the present time. But this number was not sufficient to meet the demands, as many patients desiring private rooms had to be turned away. He said that 38,204 cases had been treated at the hospital since its establishment.

Dr. Johnson then introduced Mr. Lisner, who told of the pleasure it gave him to aid the hospital in its purposes. "I know of no better purpose to which I could put my money than to aid in caring for the sick poor," he said, "and the benefit I will derive from having done something to improve the facilities of an institution of this kind will repay me a thousand times more than the intrinsic value of the gift. I believe that Georgetown University Hospital will rank with any institution of its kind in the country."

Father David H. Buel, S. J., President of Georgetown University, tendered Mr. Lisner the thanks of the President and directors of Georgetown University. He referred to the various donations made by Mr. Lisner to Georgetown University Hospital and other institutions of a like character in this city, and praised the philanthropic motives of the giver.

Dr. Percy Hickling offered a vote of thanks to Mr. Lisner on the part of the hospital staff, which was adopted heartily. Others who spoke were Father Hart, Dr. Barton, Dr. Edwin B. Behrend, and Dr. J. Dudley Morgan.

The building for which Mr. Lisner made his donation will be an addition to the present main building of the hospital, and will be thirty by sixty feet, five stories high, and it is estimated that it will cost between $25,000 and $30,000.

Two operating rooms will be furnished by Dr. George M. Kober. There will be a new emergency room, and the present one will be turned into a medical clinic. The new building will provide doctors' quarters, several free wards, and sisters' and nurses' dining rooms. Four new private suites, with bath and a staff room, will be arranged for in the present building when the new structure is completed.

GERMANY. *Father Wasmann's Work.*— Father Wasmann's Berlin Lectures, an edition of 3500 copies, were all sold within a few months of their publication, similarly his large work on Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution (4000 copies). All his other main works are out of print; among these are the following: Instinct and Intellect, Comparative Studies, The Psychic Faculties, Composite Nests and Mixed Colonies of Ants. New editions will appear as soon as they can be prepared by the author, who is working hard to get them ready. Psychic Faculties will be the first to appear; his work on Composite Nests and Mixed Colonies of Ants will be doubled in contents. It may, however, take more than a year to get the new editions ready, especially since Father Wasmann is at the same time preparing other contributions to "science as such," as for instance, a publication on Termites.

INDIA. *Darjeeling. St. Joseph's College, North Point.*— In the year under review not only did the numerical strength of the boys maintain itself on the rolls, but the average attendance has also been higher than ever. Out of 206 boarders on the list, over 190 were present for a good part of the year, 109 boys answered the roll call on the 18th of February, and the Rangoon contingent brought the number to 128 the next day.

Our old boys have won some good successes. P. Brühl holds a technical scholarship of £150 a year. He is now following a course of instruction in metallurgical chemistry at the University of Birmingham. H. Bennettz secured a first class certificate of competency in mining engineering. J. Villa, who left us last December, passed successfully the matriculation of the Manchester University, and C. Perfect, the London Matriculation. P. Mac Mahon gained honours in the Oxford Local Senior examination. Nearer home, H. S. Boyd received an appointment as Deputy Magistrate and Collector in Bengal, J. Le Patourel was appointed Sub-Deputy Collector and J. Gantzer received the powers of a Magistrate. We offer them our congratulations together with our best wishes for continued prosperity.—*The North Point Annual.*

Mangalore. St. Aloysius' College.—The strength of the College has surpassed allprevious records. It rose to 617, and, though there was a slight falling off towards the end, the scholastic year closed with 71 students in the College Department, giving a total of 598 students for the whole institution. The average attendance was, on the whole, very fair.

In the public examinations, the College can once more record remarkably good results. We passed 15 of 32 Matriculation candidates—a very creditable achievement, considering that there was something akin to a wholesale slaughter in the Presidency.

The introduction of new Branches in the College Curriculum and the unprecedented increase of students has necessitated substantial additions to the College building. The strength of the College has gone up already to 745, and as the Educational rules limit the students for a class to 40, some of our classes have had to be divided into as many as four sections. Up-to-date laboratories have also to be provided. To meet these requirements the erection of two new buildings has been determined upon.

The Christian Purânnas of Father Thomas Stephens.—The *Christian Citizen*, a Marathi paper published at Poona, has the following highly appreciative notice of Father Stephens' *Christian Purânnas.*

"We welcome the publication of the *Christian Purânnas* of the Rev. Father Thomas Stephens, S. J., which were composed by him early in the sixteenth century, for the benefit of the Marathi-speaking converts of his Church. He had noticed the power which the religious poems of the Hindus had upon them and the great service that they had been rendering in keeping alive the flame of religious knowleged and devotion among them, and he determined to produce similar works in behalf of the cause of Christian evangelization. It was almost an impossible task that he set to himself, but he was not daunted. Though a foreigner, who had come to this country at an advanced age, he worked hard at the acquisition of a command of the Marathi language and a capacity for producing Marathi poetry, that was rejuvenated by the fresh and young thought of European culture, but adorned with the old rhetorical embellishments that the natives delighted in. And he had complete success. He produced not tracts or brochures, but massive tomes, each volume being worth its weight in gold.

The Jesuits everywhere have thus distinguished themselves. They have composed poems of supreme excellence in the vernaculars of the South, and they are universally regarded as classics and prescribed for University examinations. In this eagerness to be useful in the literary departments of the missionary enterprise, the protestant missionaries have shown but little zeal, and in Mahârâshtra, they have attempted hardly anything."

IRELAND. *Death of Father Murphy, S. J.*—This distinguished Jesuit was Rector of the Irish Novitiate when he died. He was 40 years in the Order, and successively occupied the posts of Professor of Theology, Rector, Master of Novices, and Provincial. He was born at Clonmel, in 1852, and was the brother of Canon Murphy and Colonel W. Read Murphy, D. S. O. He died on Sunday, March 22.

The University.—On April 1st, Mr. Birrell introduced his Bill for an Irish University. In the course of the debate he paid some handsome compliments to Father Delaney, who

was present when the Bill was presented. He alluded first to Father Delaney's long association with the University College, Dublin, having been President for twenty years, and a Member of the Senate of the Royal University. "For the important post of President", said Birrell, "the first name that would naturally occur to us is that of Dr. Delany. But there are objections to his appointment which he himself appreciates. He is 73 years of age. To some minds there are objections to starting a University with a Jesuit, but I am sure that those who have had the pleasure of the acquaintance of Dr. Delany would not feel that. The tradition is, besides, that the head of the new college at the start should be a layman; therefore, while I tender my thanks to Dr. Delany in the matter, I think it better to have a Catholic layman to start with."

JAMAICA. *Father Mulry's Return.*—Every one was delighted to see Father Mulry, who returned from America on 30th January, and the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer presented him with an address of welcome at their meeting on the 3rd February. The Catholic Union and Sodality also thanked him, on the 14th February, for the services rendered this Mission and welcomed him home. If the number of times were counted in which Father Mulry mentioned the word "Jamaica" in the United State of America, and brought to the notice of a congregation assembled in Church or Lecture-hall that Jamaica stands in need of assistance,—urging especially the needs of the Catholic Mission,—it would probably be found that he could claim having spoken of this Island more frequently than any other person in this or any other country. As the promoters said in their address, he was eminently qualified for the arduous task of seeking amongst a busy people a little consideration of what had befallen the Churches and Schools of this City and its neighborhood with a view to provoking, if possible, generous assistance.

For what he succeeded in obtaining, the Catholics owe him a great debt of gratitude, and we thank, also, the good people who contribute to our large necessities. Self-reliance and a determination to fight one's own battle are good and necessary virtues, but the Church, whose members throughout the world are under one Head and believe firmly all that the Church teaches, having precisely the same Sacraments and the same Sacrifice, and who think and act in daily life under the same influence, suffers also in common, and there is not at any time wanting an opportunity to any Catholic who has the means, of helping, not only by prayer but also by money-contribution, the faithful in any or every part of the world.

The people of the United States are generous-hearted, and when the occasion arises, there is a general and voluntary contribution made to relieve the suffering, which is worthy

of emulation; and in more favourable circumstances this Mission would probably have received still more generous help from the Catholics, and non-Catholics too, of the great Republic so close to this struggling Colony.

Missouri Province. *Change of Rectors.*—In the months of February and March, new Rectors were proclaimed for several Colleges and the Novitiate at Florissant, Mo.: on February 10th, Father John A. Frieden became Rector of the St. Louis University, and Father James McCabe of the Marquette University, Milwaukee; on February 11th, Father Alex. J. Burrowes, Rector of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago; on February 22nd, Father Eugene A. Magevney, Rector of the Creighton University, Omaha; on March 1st, Father James T. Finn, Rector of St. Stanislus Novitiate, Florissant; and on March 3rd, Father Joseph Grimmelsman, Rector of St. Xavier College, Chicago. In consequence of these appointments, other notable changes have taken place. Father Henry Moeller has become Instructor of the Tertians, Father Henry Otting, Professor of Philosophy in Detroit College, Father Francis J. O'Boyle, Professor of Philosophy in Marquette University, Father John D. Furay, Professor of Philosophy in the under-graduate department of St. Louis University, Father John C. Kelly, treasurer of Creighton University, Father Michael P. Dowling, replacing him as Superior of St. Aloysius Residence in Kansas City, Mo., and Father James F. H. Hoeffer, Superior of the Sacred Heart Residence in Chicago.

St. Louis University. New Academic School.—The purchase, April 24th, by St. Louis University of the old mansion of James B. Eads, at Eads and Compton avenues, marked another great forward step in the development of the strong Catholic institution whose main seat is on Grand avenue, between Lindell boulevard and Pine street. In the big forty room building, 620 x 300 feet, an academic school will be opened, at the beginning of the next scholastic year by the university. In this building also a law school will be opened probably next winter, and technical scientific courses, ending in the usual engineering degrees, will follow soon. In these new courses laymen will be the instructors.

The new academic school is not at present to interfere with the academic school now conducted in connection with the college on Grand avenue. The plan as announced is, however, to found another academic school in the north end of the city, and another, in a building separate from the college, somewhere in the West End. The academic school now at the college will be closed when the West End school is opened, and the entire structure devoted to the college courses.

The property acquired was occupied for years by Bishop Robertson Hall, an educational institution for girls, con-

ducted by the Episcopalian Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd.

The property fronts 120 feet on the south line of Eads avenue and about 300 feet on Compton avenue. It is bounded by Eads, Compton, Henrietta and Louisiana avenues. The purchase price was $32,500.

The chain of academic schools planned by the university will in no way compete with or lessen the demand for the parochial schools. The academic schools will take the pupils when they have finished the course at the parochial schools and prepare them for college.

The new school on Eads avenue will be taught by professors from the Grand avenue institution. These teachers will live at the university, and make the trip to the school twice a day. Religious services will not be conducted at the school for the public. Mass will be said there each morning for the students only. No services will be held there on Sundays.

The system being inaugurated in St. Louis is that now in vogue in Chicago and Cincinnati. It was planned by Rev. Rudolph Meyer, Provincial of the Missouri Province, and Rev. John B. Frieden, President of St. Louis University, who about five months ago was transferred to St. Louis from San Francisco.

When the plans now projected are carried out, St. Louis University will be one of the most complete educational institutions in the United States. The acquisition of the Marion-Sims College of Medicine, at Grand avenue and Caroline street, supplies facilities for the study of medicine and surgery, dentistry and pharmacy.

Academy of Philosophy. — At the inspiration and under the direction of Father Hubert Gruender, Professor of metaphysics of the 2nd year, an association, called the "Academy of Philosophy and Science", was formed shortly after Christmas among the philosophers of the scholasticate. Father Gruender is the moderator of the Academy and critic or censor of the essays produced by its members, with the result that a course of excellent lectures has been given before an audience made up of members of the University faculties and our scholastics. The following are the subjects of lectures delivered up to the present writing:

February 5. "Living and Non-living Matter", by Mr. Thos. I. Clarke.

February 19. "Abiogenesis", by Mr. John W. Hynes.

March 11. "Wonders of Cell-Life", by Mr. Otto J. Noonan.

March 25. "Darwinism", by Mr. Paul G. Pollard.

April 8. "Instinct and Intelligence", by Mr. Edwin F. Hendrix.

April 22. "Readings from the Book of Nature", (Teleology), by Mr. Austin G. Schmidt.

April 26. "The Metamorphoses of Insects", by Mr. Paul Muehlman.

Other lectures to be delivered before the end of May are: "The Origin of Ideas", by Mr. Benedict J. Rodman, and "Evidences of Design in the Structure and Life of Plants", by Mr. Francis X. Entz.

Chicago. The Rhodes' Scholarship.—An examination was held in January by the Rhodes Scholarship Commission of Illinois for entrance into Oxford. This examination was open to all students of the State of Illinois. Seventeen appeared to take the test, of whom six were from St. Ignatius College, the others being from various universities and colleges of the State. In March the Rhodes Commission announced that the papers had been examined in Oxford, the result being that eleven students had successfully passed the test, five of whom were from St. Ignatius. The St. Ignatius students who won the honor were: Thomas Reedy, Edmund Curda, Joseph Roubik, William Carroll and James Foley, all of the Junior Class. As three of these successful students will be under the required age of 19 years on October 1, only two will be eligible for appointment.

Holy Family Church. Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf.—The Lenten lecture and concert given April 5th at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Ladies' Ephpheta Auxiliary for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of the Seminary of the Sacred Heart on Taylor street, was a great success. The worthy cause and the attractive program drew a large audience.

Many expressed the desire to see the deaf-mute children more frequently in sign-language songs. It is possible that the management of the Ephpheta School may consent to the wishes expressed, of holding the closing exercises of the school in public, thus giving the deaf-mute children the opportunity of entertaining their friends with several sign-language song selections.

CINCINNATTI. *St. Francis Xavier's Church. The Mission.*—In April, 1908, a mission was given in our Church here. The first week was for the young ladies. In point of numbers, enthusiasm and of fervor, it was the best ever given in St. Xavier Church. The married ladies came next, and they filled the church. The married men came next, and Frs. Moeller and Leary took the places of Frs. Boarman and Johnson, and the church continued to be filled. Finally the young men took their turn, and there never was such an outpouring of young men in old St. Xavier's. They crowded every seat, occupied any number of extra benches and filled the Sanctuary. In a word there can be no doubt that these four weeks Mission are unparalleled in the history of St. Xavier's Parish.

In April, 105,898 prayers and good works were offered for the Treasury of the Sacred Heart, by St. Xavier's League members.

OMAHA. *New Rector of Creighton University.*—Welcome to the new and godspeed to the retiring president of Creighton university were expressed at the complimentary banquet given on the evening of Feb. 25, in the Rome hotel by the Creighton University Alumni association in honor of Rev. M. P. Dowling and President Eugene Magevney of Creighton university. Besides 100 of the alumni of the professional departments of the institution 100 members of the faculties of the professional departments were present as special guests of the association. Judge Munger of the federal court and Judges Day, Sears, Troup, Estelle and Sutton of the state court, and many citizens high in professional and business life were there. Letters of regret were read from Chief Justice Barnes of the supreme court and others who were prevented by other engagements from attending.

The affair was the most elaborate ever given by the Creighton Alumni association. It was the first time in the history of the university that all the professors in the professional departments were together at a table.

In Father Dowling's last term the university increased from 400 to over 800 students.

The work of Father Dowling, says a daily paper, while it has been more in an executive and administrative capacity, is such as to have told remarkably in the development of the university. When he came here for the second time, ten years ago, he found Creighton practically a small college, the only other department being the medical. In that time he has added the law, the dental and the pharmacy departments and the credit for planning and the building up of these departments belongs to him.

He has recognized the great utility of working in harmony with the state educational department of public instruction, and Creighton has come to occupy a very desirable position among the institutions of the state. Largely through his influence and because of his recognized ability as an educator the credits given for work done in this college are recognized in this state as equal to those given by the state university.

NEW JERSEY. *Harrison. Blessing of the Babies in Holy Cross Church.*—A unique and interesting sight was witnessed in the Church of the Holy Cross, Harrison, at the ceremony of the "Blessing of the Babes," when 2,000 women, each carrying an infant in arms, dedicated their little ones to God.

The unusual service was part of the exercises of the mission conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at the church, and every seat in the large edifice was occupied.

Over 2,000 babies were estimated to be in the church, and their wailing and crying, mixed with the attempts of the mothers to hush them, at times swelled into a mighty sound.

The Rev. Father P. J. Casey, S. J., was in charge of the service, and blessed each child, placing it in the care and under the guidance of God, and, after the services were concluded, a special ceremony was held for the dedication of girl babies to the Blessed Virgin.

No woman was admitted to the church unless she had a baby in her charge, the infant serving as a ticket of admittance.—*The Evening Star, Mar. 20, 1908.*

NEW YORK. *Church of Our Lady of Loretto. The Little Italian Boy of the Tenement.*—Father W. H. Walsh, in charge of the Jesuit Mission of Our Lady of Loretto, stepped out into the sunshine that flooded Elizabeth Street at noon the other day and called in the direction of a group of little Italian boys, "Nicola! Nicola!"

"Yes, Father," answered Nicola Santella, hurrying to the priest.

"I want you to sing for my friend here," said the priest, leading the way from the sunny, but crowded street into a court between Elizabeth and Mott Streets.

Nicola, who had been playing a street game a moment before, stood beside the piano in the Boys' Club of the mission, his hands clasped behind him, waiting for the introductory passage of the song.

Father Walsh, a Jesuit, with the tenderest of affection for the little children of the poor, his kindly eyes inviting confidences of children and parents both, tucked his cassock beneath him and began the accompaniment.

Ordinarily one would expect a thread-bare, hard-worn ballad of the streets from a little Italian boy from an Elizabeth Street tenement house, but here came the surprise. The song Nicola had selected from his repertoire was music written by Gunod for a poem of Victor Hugo. And not only was the surprise there. Nicola sang it in French, and, if you please, his accent was that of the Frenchman of Paris and the salons.

Nicola evidently loved the song and the poem, for he sang it as an angel might have sung it, his crystalline soprano reaching the heart of each note, the voice being handled with ease and grace that made his hearers think of Sembrich.

"So you noticed that he sings right in the middle of the note?" asked Father Walsh, as he patted Nicola affectionately on the arm. "It is the natural love for music. There is no flattening to any of his notes. The most delicate shading is done with absolute perfection. They're all that way. I'll let you hear some of the others."

Nicola went out into the sunny street. Scores of little fellows, some not too warmly clad for the breezy day, were

playing about. It was recess time in the mission school. In a little room of the mission many others were sitting at table sipping their chocolate and munching their crackers. These little fellows had trudged from more distant "Little Italies" to study at the mission, and the good Father, from his little hoard of mission money, was looking out for their little stomachs as well as their little souls.

Nicola returned with a little army of the little Italians. Some were a bit peaked, as if they had been denied much in the earlier struggles of their parents to get a foothold in the new land of promise; some were plump and rosy cheeked; some were Sicilians, and others Calabrians, and all were black-eyed, music-loving children, true children of the land of sunshine, olives, chianti and song.

Father Walsh, to show the natural musical ability of his little charges, let them sing a song by Rubenstein, written in four parts, the first verse without accompaniment. Without direction from the priest, the boys sang it perfectly, their soprano and alto voices filling the court between Mott and Elizabeth Streets with melody. Then they sang the second verse with accompaniment, and it was evident that not one of the little singers had forgotten a single note or rest in the song.

"Here's Paderwiski," whispersd one of the lads to another as a youngster with the face of a cherub came into the room. The little fellow had won this nickname by the style he possessed when at the piano. From some remote tenement room "Paderwiski" trudges every day to the mission to get his chance at the piano or to sit patiently at the clavier and do his finger exercises.

"I have one little fellow," said Father Walsh, "who comes at half past five in the morning to begin his piano study. Some of them will make any sacrifice to learn, and our two pianos and one clavier are busy nearly all the time. I have a German instructor who helps them along wonderfully. We have very little money, but he is modest in his charges, and with what help I can give in directing the boys at their study of music we are getting along very well.

"My boys are going to make fine American citizens. I have three of them in college now. They made their entrance examinations with only the preparatory work in the mission school to depend on. In the three classes in which they are now my boys lead their classmates.

"The Italian boy of the tenements has a great deal in him. He naturally loves the beautiful things in life, and here he gets a chance to reach after and get them. He knows that study and decent behavior mean his development. I have many of the older boys to make the mission practically their home. They come here from work even during the lunch hour, and find time to improve their minds."

Father Walsh's little Italians with the beautiful voices have seen more than is to be seen within the confines of "Little Italy," for they have been in demand among the wealthy people just as are the great singers of the opera houses during the social season. Father Walsh frequently accepts requests for the music his boys give, and Nicola and his fellow singers have appeared in many a millionaire's parlor.

The mission building is one of the most interesting to be found among the settlements of the city. It is merely a front and rear tenement house shaped for its present purposes. On the top of the rear tenement has been built a bell tower, where hangs a great sonorous bell which calls Elizabeth and Mott Streets to Mass or to Vespers. In the little court between the two buildings the sunshine falls on bright geraniums and fresh, well-cared-for vines. Against one of the walls is reared a figure of the Savior. Here nearly a thousand little children are cared for in mind and morals, and many of them in body, for Father Walsh would have not one of them need for sustenance or clothing as long as he and his co-workers could get out and ask for money. There is no tax at all on the parents of the children. No charge is made for anything, the congregation of the chapel merely providing for the maintainance of the church with their contributions at Mass.

"Some of my boys," said the Jesuit proudly, "are very ambitious. Three of them are studying the organ, and they will make fine organists. We will turn out some great men yet, and are sure of turning out many fine capable Americans."—N. Y. Times.

Blessing of the Babies in St. Michael's Church.—More babies than were ever packed into one church in New York city before were taken to St. Michael's, at Ninth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, to be blessed by the Rev. William J. Ennis, one of the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, who have been holding missions in the church.

Mothers, children and babies in arms, principally the last, filled the church. There were two thousand children present, and half of them were babies scarcely out of long clothes. The sidewalk in front of the church was filled with perambulators. Inside the pews, aisles and all the standing room were jammed with babies.

They were a well behaved lot of babies, too, and the whole thousand did not make so much noise but that Father Ennis' voice could be heard distinctly in the back of the building. Occasionally a baby set up a wail that necessitated its mother carrying it to the rear of the church, but for the most part the infant audience was a most decorous one.

Although it has been observed in New York a few times

heretofore, the ceremony never has been performed here on so large a scale. While the ritual of the church contains a special blessing for the children, it was only two years ago that the idea was conceived of holding the ceremony with as many young children present as could be gathered into a church.

In a brief sermon Father Ennis referred to the church's appreciation of motherhood and pointed out that as the children were members of the church they were entitled to its blessing as much as the older members. After the sermon he passed through the congregation, sprinkling mothers and babies with holy water, the choir meantime singing hymns. He returned to the pulpit and briefly dedicated the mothers and children to the Blessed Lady. The ceremony began at four o'clock and lasted nearly an hour.

Blessing of the babies has been made a feature of the mission work being done by the Society of Jesus in the East.

PHIALDELPHIA. *St. Joseph's College. The Catholic Alumni Sodality.*—At the last meeting in March of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia, the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Superintendent of Parish Schools, gave an informal talk on the Status of the Parochial School Question. An unusually large attendance of members and gentlemen guests followed with evident satisfaction and approval Father McDevitt's clear exposition of his subject. It is only stating the truth when it is said that Father McDevitt is the best equipped exponent of our Catholic school system and her ablest defender, consequently his statements must always carry with them the greatest authority. A general discussion by the members gave an opportunity to the lecturer to correct many false views and dissipate cloudy notions.

Catholic graduates of colleges and universities and also professional gentlemen are invited to attend the meetings of the Catholic Alumni Sodality, which are held every Sunday of the month, at 9.30 in the College Chapel, Seventeenth and Stiles Streets.

Lecture by the Seniors.—On April 1st, the Senior Class gave an illustrated lecture on "The Biology of the Human Body", in the College Auditorium. Mr. James F. Ryan, '08, read an introductory paper on "The Origin of Man", in which he briefly set forth the tenets of Darwin, the theory of Evolution and the theory of Constancy. The lecture was given by Mr. Francis X. Daily, '08, and embraced the most important anatomical, physiological anq pathological features of the human body. Seventy-six selected stereopticon illustrations were thrown upon the screen. Among these were X-Ray pictures and micro-pho-

tographs, which owing to the difficulty of their production, were of special interest. The lecture was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The medical and scientific professions were well represented. After the lecture, the rooms of the Scientific Department located on the third floor of the College building, were thrown open to the audience.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. *Tribute to Father Monaghan, S. J.* —The following tribute to the Rev. James P. Monaghan, a member of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, appeared in the *Cablenews-American*, Wednesday, March 4, 1908, Manila, P. I.: "During the past week or two, considerable space has been given in the American papers of this city to the protests of certain missioners against a feature of the carnival. A day or so ago a select gathering of Americans assembled to say a farewell word to an American Jesuit priest, the Reverend James P. Monaghan. The gathering was not marked by religious lines. They were all men and women with hearts big enough to appreciate true Christian work. And that was their substantial estimate of what Fr. Monaghan has been doing during his three year's residence in Manila. His labors in the ministry did not lead him into politics or into matters of pure business. He found ample to do among the poor, among the sick and afflicted. He found time, besides, to preach the gospel in the Cathedral on Sundays, to take an interest in the boys and girls of his own faith who are studying in the government schools of Manila, most of them separated from the guiding influence of home life.

"And though his work was carried on quietly and unostentatiously, his familiar figure in black gown and broad sombrero soon became known among all classes of Manila who felt that here was a man who was working for God, and not for his own fame and self-advertisement. We hope that Fr. Monaghan will soon return to Manila and bring with him, as Archbishop Harty said, more men of his own class."

Notes.—The Commencement at the Ateneo, the Jesuit College of Manila, was held on March 12. The programme of Studies was submitted to the U. S. Government officials who for this year empowered the college authorities to confer the usual degrees.

There were some cases of cholera in Manila during the early part of the year, and during the "scare" the pest house of San Lazaro was daily visited by Fathers Finegan and Chousa. The latter is rector of the Cathedral of Manila, while the former is chaplain of Bilibid, the general prison of the Islands. Father Finegan has, at Mass on Sundays, a congregation of some 1,500 souls, to whom the seminarians preach in the native dialects. The seminarians are also his Sunday-school teachers. After his Mass in Bilibid, Fa-

ther Finegan goes to Fort McKinley and says a second Mass there. This Fort is said to be the second in the world in respect to the number of soldiers within the stronghold.

Rev. William McDonough, S. J., well known as a professor in various colleges of the Maryland–New York Province, is spending his first year as a missionary in the Philippines. He is at present chaplain to the hospitals of Manila and director of a Sodality of Filipinas. These young ladies hail from different provinces and islands and are preparing for the most part to be school teachers; some few to be nurses. They meet to receive instructions twice a week in the chapel of the Sisters of the Assumption. The Superior of the latter is Mother Helen, a daughter of the famous Parnelite, Joseph Biggar. The academy under her charge is in high favor with the government and has been permanently empowered to grant degrees entitling the recipient to teach in the primary and the high schools.

From January 13 to 18 there was an athletic "meet" of picked soldiers from all the islands—the most successful tournament in the history of the army. Father Joseph Casey, Chaplain of the 1st Infantry, thought it offered an excellent occasion for a military Mass. The soldiers who bore arms were Catholics. They were of the "scouts," that is the Filipino portion of the U. S. forces in the Islands. The persons present were largely army officers and their families. Father Casey is a former student of the University of St. Louis. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Father Thomas Becker, professor of philosophy at St. John's College, Fordham, during the scholastic year 1906–'07.

Father Joseph Algue, S. J., chief of the Manila observatory and government official, has just completed a new observatory at Baguio. The building is unique. There is a house within a house. The outer one is of stone to withstand the tornadoes; the inner one is of wood, so that in case an earthquake destroys the stone building, the strong wooden structure will still preserve the valuable astronomical instruments. Baguio is a most healthful location and is the favorite summer resort of the people of Manila.

It appears that on the islands there are few friars now outside of Manila. Their places in the provinces are taken by native priests who, in general, seem not to have been fitted by their training to meet the difficulties of the present. "As far as I can make out", says a Father who is there, "the Church is losing badly. Protestantism and Aglipayanism are drawing the people away from the Church. What is needed above all is a zealous, learned body of native secular clergy, who can answer objections to our religion, and will teach the people the catechism and get them to go to the sacraments. It seems that formerly the teaching of religion

was left in great part to the school teacher. The work now, if it is going to be done at all, must be done by the priest. And the hope of the Church in the Philippines is the body of young priests that will go out from the present seminaries. I am told there are a number of parishes without pastors—good, bad or indifferent—and have been so for years. There seem to be few parochial schools, and little money to support them. The Superior of the Redemptorists told me, that there are Sisters in Australia, first-class teachers, who have qualified before the State Examining Board, and would gladly come here if their expenses would be paid.

"A few months ago a half dozen Josephites from Mill Hill, England, came to the Philippines. More would have come if passage money for them could have been raised. They are truly heroic. When they were here in Manila, their Superior did not know how they could be supported. But they went to their various points of destination just the same. Some of them will probably do as their brethern did before them in Bishop Rooker's diocese, who went among the natives and lived on the rice and fish the poor shared with them.

"I have just one word more to add about the religious situation. Protestantism will not make a very large number of converts, but together with Aglipayanism it will cause antagonism to the Church, rob many people of their faith, make them indifferentists in religion, and bring about the loss of their souls.

"I fear the Americans have imported nearly all the doctrinal errors of the United States. These evils can be offset by such works as *The Catholic Mind*, *the Catholic Truth Society Tracts*, etc. If Americans have introduced the poison, it would be well for other Americans to apply the antidote".

Manila Weather Bureau. "The value of the excellent weather service of the Manila bureau", says the New York *Sun*, "has been enhanced considerably by the cable lines laid within the last two or three years between Celebes and Yap in the Caroline Islands, and Yap and Guam, where the line from the south connects with the transpacific line from San Francisco. The Manila weather bureau is thus able to obtain daily reports of the meteorological conditions hundreds of miles out in the Pacific, and especially to give warning of typhoons out at sea before any effects have reached the Philippines. The latest bulletin of the bureau gives an example that occured last year.

"On the last two days of March and the first of April the meteorological station at Yap cabled that a typhoon had formed northeast of Yap. The observer made hourly observations during the passage of the storm, and Manila was informed when it was north of Yap and of its apparent move-

ment to the northwest. The Manila station sent the news as it came to hand to Indo-China, China, Japan and the other Philippine ports, with the warning that navigation was dangerous in the Pacific between the Philippines and the western Carolines.

"It proved to be a violent and destructive storm, doing much damage among the islands and islets of the western part of the Carolines. The destruction was complete on the two islands of the Wlea group, where trees, houses and 200 inhabitants were swept into the sea by the immense waves that poured over the land like cataracts. On other islets the water rose so high that the people saved themselves only by climbing to the tops of cocoanut trees.

"These cables are beginning to render the same kind of service to the eastern shores of the Orient that we receive from the stations that inform us of the genesis of cyclones in the West Indies".

These Stations in the West Indies and the Philippines are under the management of Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

ROME. *Pius X and an Invocation to the Sacred Heart.*— So wonderful have been the results attending the invocation: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee", writes Fr. Van Peteghem, S. J., who suggested it in a retreat preceding the expulsion of a religious community, that more than 50,000 copies of the aspiration were printed and circulated. Large inscriptions were made of it to be hung in schools and hospitals. To add to the blessings with which the Divine Heart rewarded the confidence of the faithful, Pius X deigned to write himself beneath the image of the Sacred Heart, which was presented to him: "To all the faithful who recite daily with devotion this invocation, we grant 300 days' indulgence each day, with a plenary indulgence once a month, provided having confessed and communicated, they pray for the convsrsion of poor sinners". In a declaration of June 27th, 1906, Pius X confirmed this concession and again on June 5th, 1907, he deigned to grant an indulgence of 300 days *toties quoties*, or as many times a day as this invocation should be recited with devotion. Both partial and plenary indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

SOUTH AFRICA. *Cape Colony. St. Aidan's College.*— The Rhodes University College has very kindly offered the authorities of St. Aidan's the privilege of nominating two or three qualified students, each year, to Entrance Bursaries of the value of £21 each. The undergraduates so nominated must reside at St. Aidan's Hostel. Present Aidanites who have passed their Matriculation have a prior claim to these Bursaries, but, failing boys qualified and willing to accept them, past Aidanites or other Catholic students duly qualified are eligible, and may apply for the said Bursaries.

WASHINGTON. *Banquet in Honor of Cardinals Logue and Gibbons.*—On the evening of May 6, the Hon. Burke Cockran, a representative in Congress from New York, gave a banquet at his home in honor of Cardinals Logue and Gibbons. It was an informal affair and attended only by gentlemen. Among the guests was Rev. Father Hanselman, Provincial. The other guests were: Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate; Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia; Farley, of New York, and Glennon, of St. Louis; Bishop Browne, of Cloyne, Ireland; Bishop O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University; Mgr. Lavelle, of New York; Rev. William P. Russell, of St. Patrick's Church; Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, of the House of Representatives; Justice White and Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court; Attorney-General Bonaparte, Senator Foraker, Senator Aldrich and Richard Harding Davis, the author.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College. Worcester County Alumni Banquet.*—The Worcester County Alumni held their annual banquet at the Worcester Automobile Club, February 14, and it will long be remembered for the ardent discussion of the Greek and Latin question. Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., president of the College, staunchly defended the retention of Greek, advancing as an argument that it is absolutely necessary for turning out a full-cultured college graduate.

Public Lectures.—The public lecture course by Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S. J., has been pronounced by all a great success. The lectures were delivered in Fenwick Hall on March 10, 16, 24 and 31, and on April 6. The subjects treated were: "Christianity as an Educational Force." "Early Christian Education". "The Church as an Educator of Medieval Europe". "Popular Education on the Eve of the Reformation". "Education of Women—its gradual development". The attendance at all the lectures not only taxed the ordinary capacity of the hall but required the addition of over a hundred extra seats.

In the audience were noticed a large number of teachers from the local schools besides professors and students from Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic Institute and the State Normal School. After the last lecture there were general expressions of regret that the course was over.

Classical Association of New England.—Father Rector, with Fr. Schwickerath, attended the meeting of the Classical Association of New England, convened at Smith College, April 3rd and 4th. Father Schwickerath read a paper on the "Evolution of Classical Studies".

League of the Sacred Heart.—Another notable event in the League of the Sacred Heart marked the first Friday of April, when all the boarders—300 strong—received Com-

munion of Reparation. The devotion to the Sacred Heart has had a wonderful impetus this year, and the number of Communions has increased with each recurring First Friday. Monthly Promotors' meetings are held the first Wednesday preceding each first Friday. Each associate is reminded of the approaching Friday Communion, and results have been most gratifying to those in charge.

ZAMBESI. *Empandeni.*—There are now five schools at Empandeni and Embakwe, attended by an aggregate of about 500 children. There now remains only one more to open, on the northern limit of the property where there are a good many kraals. We shall then have the entire population of Empandeni well in hand, and it will be possible to instruct all the children old enough to come to school.

During the past year the number of baptisms at Empandeni and its out-station was nearly 200, a record for this mission station. The total number on the baptism register is now 853, and it will probably exceed 1,000 before the end or the present year.

The experiment of employing native boys, of 16 or 17, as teachers in our new schools has succeeded very well. They take to the work with enthusiasm; they are full of zeal, and bring very many of the children under their charge to ask for Baptism; and they show astonishing skill in imparting to others the knowledge they have themselves acquired.

HOME NEWS. *Theologians' Academy.*—The officers of the Theologians' Academy, for the year 1907-1908 were, Mr. McNeal, President, and Mr. José Grimal, Secretary. A program of twelve papers was arranged before the opening of schools and was carried through with but few modifications, two meetings being held each month except in January and February, in each of which months only one meeting was held.

On October 3rd, Fr. Conniff read an interesting and instructive paper on "The number of the Saved and Lost", giving and weighing the strongest arguments for each side, and favoring as his own the less rigorous opinion. "The Lawfulness of Inducing to the Religious State" was set forth by Mr. McNulty on October 24th, his views being mainly based on St. Thomas and illustrated by practical examples that made this delicate topic less hazy than it had previously been to many. November 7th found us attentively listening to a brief but very complete resumè of the "Characteristic Tenets of Presbyterianism", by Mr. Mellyn, a paper which was particularly interesting to those who later in the year would have to thread the ways of Predestination. Mr. Graham's paper on "Some Remote Causes of the Reformation", endeavored to trace the contempt of papal authority in the 16th century to the arrogance of Philip the Fair in the 14th. The combination of close reasoning and

historical erudition made this paper particularly entertaining. The Southern Province was represented by Mr. McNally whose demonstration of the "Distinction between the Power of the Keys and that of Baptizing", was an excellent example of the kind of controversial work in which ours are engaged in that most American and least Catholic part of our field of labor. Christmas-time found the Academy in a mood for something æsthetical as well as theological. It was eminently forthcoming in Mr. Stinson's delightful evening with "The Mediæval Legend of the Holy Grail". This lecture was a public affair given in the Domestic Library, the entire community being invited. It was illustrated by lantern-views of the Grail Pictures taken from the Public Library of Boston. The lecturer first gave a history of the legend to them, outlined the form of it, which had been adopted by Abbot, in making the above named series of mural paintings. The slides were furnished by Curtis & Cameron of Boston, and being defective in some points, this firm when informed of the fact, not only refrained from making any charges, but sent us a complete set of their handsame Copley prints of The Grail series. These slides are by a special arrangement with Curtis & Cameron to be at the disposal of Mr. Stinson at a reasonable rent, the firm holding a strict copyright on the entire series in any form.

The work of the second term was opened by Fr. Geoghan, with a paper on "Some Aspects of Theosophy", embodying the results of much patient delving into the nebulous literature issued by the various Propagandas of the cult, notably that at Point Loma, California. Many new aspects of this school were presented, particularly its dangerously rapid growth among the indifferent thousands of America. February 6th brought us a pleasant evening among "Some Curious Questions from Old Theologians" by Mr. Jessup.

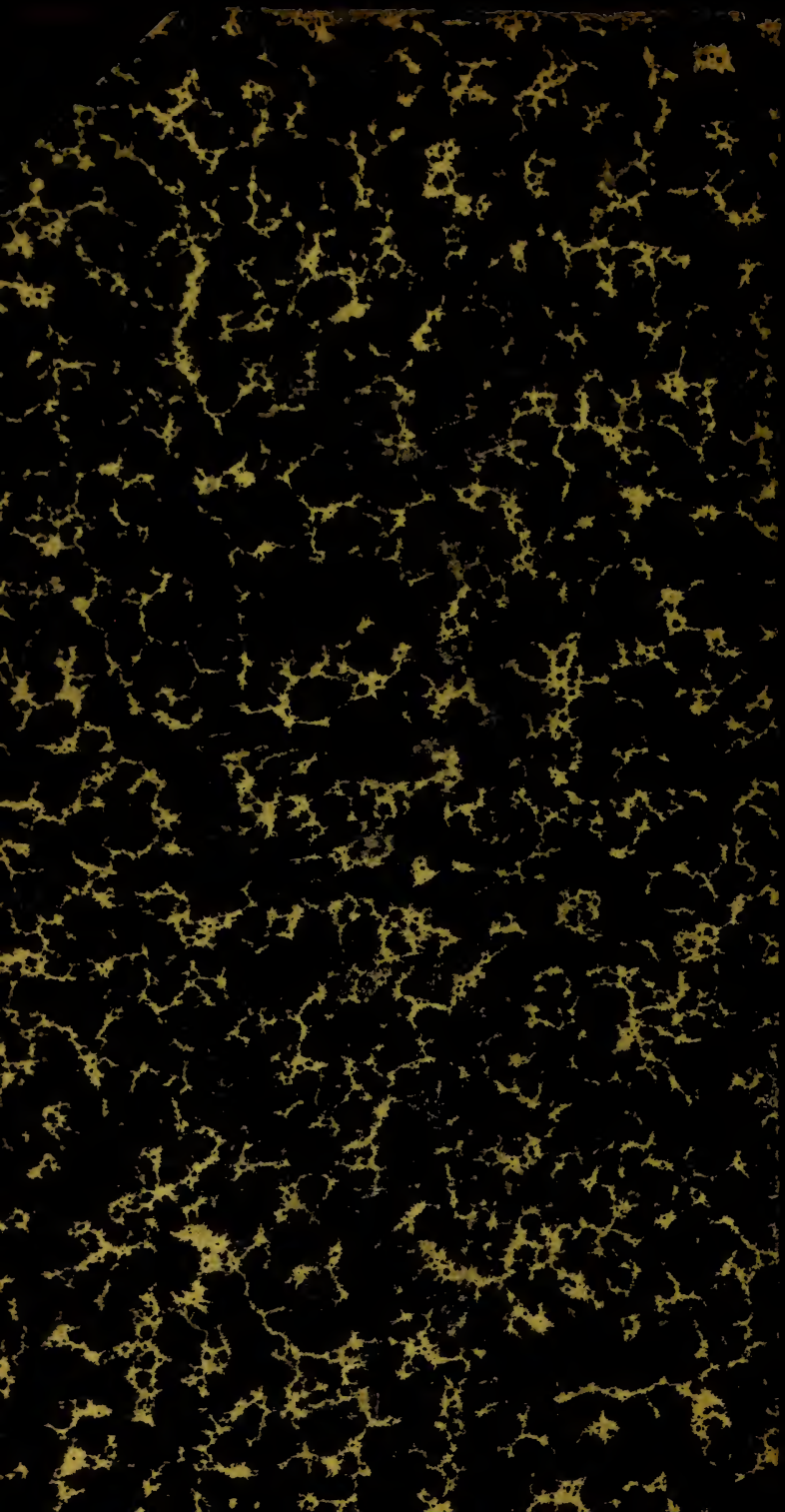
On the evening of March 29th, a special meeting was held in the Theologians' Hall for the purpose of organizing the Academy's work for next year, in order that all prospective essayists might have abundance of time to collect material before the beginning of school in September. Rev. Fr. Provincial and the Rev. Prefect of Studies attended the meeting. Fr. Conniff suggested that the work be unified on some one topic sufficiently broad for a good series of papers. Mr. Kavanagh offered Modernism as a suitable field. Mr. McCarthy favored the selection of propositions from the Syllabus. Mr. Fisher offered a selection from the same. Mr. Mellyn and Mr. Emmet urged the embodiment of these suggestions in the form of resolutions to be considered more maturely later on. This line of action being adopted, Rev. Fr. Provincial addressed the meeting, speaking forcibly of the Province's need of writers and approving highly of the plan which had just been adopted as being a move in the needed direction.

Before Rev. Fr. Provincial departed, he favored the Academy with another visit on April 18th, when Mr. Murphy

discussed the question "Is Catholicity a Bar to National Prosperity", adducing a number of newly collected facts pointing to the conclusion that prosperity among Christian nations (whether Catholic or Protestant), is the product rather of natural causes than of religious influences. At the close of this meeting the above mentioned resolutions were adopted. Shakespeare's birthday, April 23rd, was fitly celebrated with an essay on his great Spanish rival Calderon, by Mr. Gimenez who explained the theme, structure and stage-management of the "Eucharistic Dramas or Autos Sacramentales".

The year's work closed on May 6th, with the election of Mr. Murphy as President, and Mr. Cassidy as Secretary for the year 1908-1909.

Officers of Philosophers' Academy, 1907-1908 — President, Mr. Daniel J. Lynch, S. J.; Vice-President, Mr. Joseph S. Hogan, S. J.; Secretary, Mr. Michael A. Clarke, S. J.

October 9; *Marx's Theory of Value*; Mr. John M. Fox. October 23; *A Philosophical View of Modern Literature*; Mr. Michael A. Clark. November 6; *Catholic Philosophy and Spiritism;* Mr. Joseph S. Hogan. November 20; *What the Society of Jesus has done for Science;* Mr. James B. Mahoney. December 11; *Newman's Certitude;* Mr. Edward A. Brosnan. January 8; *The Ethics of Gambling;* Mr. John P. Meagher. January 22; *The Röntgen Rays, (Exper).;* Mr. Daniel J. Lynch. February 5; *Albertus Magnus;* Mr. Ferdinand W. Haberstroh. February 26; *Some Wonders of Insect Life, Their Metamorphosis and Homes, (illustrated);* Mr. Francis L. Fenwick. March 18; *Is Newman a Conceptualist?* Mr. Francis P. LeBuffe. March 18; *Pragmatism—The New Philosophy and its Definition of Truth;* Mr. Ignatius W. Cox. April 1; *Wireless Telegraphy, (Exper.);* Mr. Edmund A. Walsh. May 6; *Matter and Form in the Light of Modern Scientific Discoveries;* Mr. Gregory G. Kiehne. May 20; *Man and the Monkey;* Mr. Charles Rœmer.

The Spring Disputations took place on April 27th, 28th and 29th. *De Ecclesia*, Mr. Fisher, defender; Mr. Adleman and Mr. Gaynor, objectors. *De Voluntate et Providentia Dei*, Mr. Kelly, defender; Mr. Boyle and Mr. Gallagher, objectors. *Ex Scriptura Sacra*, The "Revision of the Vulgate", essayist, Mr. Tully. *Ex Jure Canonico*, "Is the Religious State of Divine Institution", essayist, Mr. McCaffray. *Ecclesiastical History*, "The Easter Controversy", essayist, Mr. McNulty. *Ex Ethica*, Mr. Meagher, defender; Mr. Osdoba and Mr. Rœmer, objectors. *Ex Theologia Naturali*, Mr. Morning, defender; Mr. Raines and Mr. Siggins, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. Dolan, defender; Mr. Cirigliano and Mr. Cummings, objectors. *Ex Ontologia*, Mr. Fasy, defender; Mr. Fuller and Mr. McCormick, objectors. *Geology*, "The Courses of Some American Rivers", lecturer, Mr. Glover. *Physics*, "A Quarter of a Century of Electric Traction", lecturer, Mr. Mereto.